# The Mirror of Life

ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

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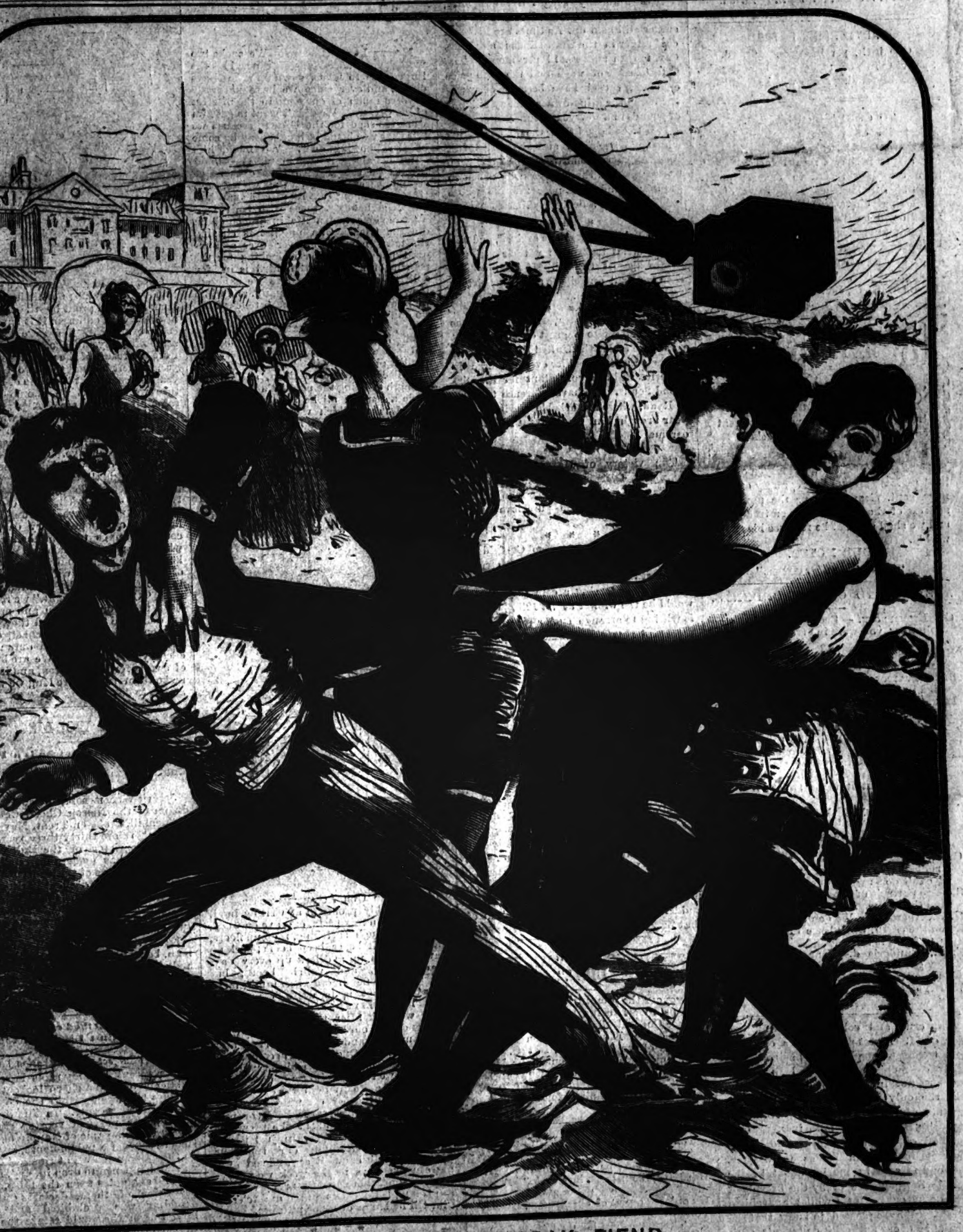

## A DUCKING FOR A KODAK FIEND.

**Young Ladies who Objected to being Portrayed in Bathing Attire.**

# The Mirror of Life

ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

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13 WEEKS 13

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OUR MOTTO.

"Be Just and Fearless."

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. Kilmarnock. — See answer in ring columns; you were in error and we were correct.

Reader (Sheffield).—You will notice particulars in ring columns.

S. B. Patrick.—The party you speak of died in 1864.

Inquisitive. — Fitzsimmons scaled above 12st when he fought Choynski. W. A. Brady claims Corbett never fought above 12st in weight. We think it will be Corbett and Fitzsimmons. Jackson was in San Francisco at last reports. Yes; we believe he has been sincere in the match, but it takes two to make a bargain.

Welshman.—If you experience any difficulty in obtaining the paper every Wednesday morning, please drop us a postcard.

G. B., Alfreton.—Your communication is a remarkable display of "nerve." No; we can't do as you request.

S.—See portrait of Wooliscraft. Thanks, send them along.

H. B., Aberdeen.—We don't mind giving you the earth, but please don't request us to fence it in.

T. S., Sunderland.—Your suggestion is very good. We are always open to receive advice on improving our journal.

W. H., Nottingham.—Thanks for courtesy extended.

The cruel and cold-blooded assassination of M. Carnot was indeed a cowardly and treacherous piece of business, and truly characteristic of the Italian race. We are not in favour of human torture, but the only way to prevent other miscreants of the anarchic type from perpetrating such deeds is to inaugurate a method of torture which would be too horrible for human beings to witness. No one is safe in moving about in the public thoroughfore or by the fireside of his home or business whilst anarchism exists. We are pleased to know that the vigilance of our authorities prevents such misdeeds transpiring in our country.

The Scotch coal miners have gone out on a strike in hopes of forcing mine-owners into consenting to a living wage being paid them for their labour. The sad accident in South Wales is an illustration of the amount of danger the coal-miner is in from day to day, and any time one of them descends into a pit it is a lottery whether he will come out alive or not. The miner can't be too well paid for the risk he runs, and it is a pity that the capitalist possesses the power to keep those unfortunate enough to seek such a livelihood down to the low wage now paid them.

Before the Molly Maguire trouble in the Pennsylvania coalfields, the miners in the States were capable of earning as high as £80 per month, working a decent "breast," and coal was sold at a reasonably low figure. An influx of Hungarians incited a riot, and many deaths were the result. Wages gradually sought a lower level, whilst the selling price of coal to the consumer still held up. As times are to-day, a coal miner in the States finds it a difficult task to earn above £12 per month. The reduced scale of wage and the high price charged for coal have been the means of enriching the mine-owners many millions of pounds in a few years' time.

It is to be hoped that the Scotch strike will soon come to an amicable settlement, because the real sufferers are those who toil and hazard their lives daily when in the mines, and the poor families whose incomes are of a decidedly limited nature.

* * *

The Yale athletes have arrived, and will go into strict training for their series of games against Oxford. If form counts, then we shall anticipate a glorious victory of the Oxford team.

* * *

The Henley Regatta, which commences to-day, will excite a great deal of interest both here and in the United States, because the best amateur sculler ever produced in America will be a contestant for the Diamond Sculls. We have reference to John J. Ryan, whose remarkable rowing of last year brought him to the front ranks as an oarsman.

* * *

The victory of Harry Spurden, 9st champion, over Darkey Barton was a popular one with the people who witness glove contests for the pure love of the game.

* * *

A battle between George Corfield and Billy Plimmer would result in a struggle well worth a long journey to witness. It would be like tossing a coin to judge who would be the winner at 7st 12lb. Corfield is willing to arrange such a match, and if reports be true, Plimmer's return was solely for the purpose of taking on the Yorkshire Wonder.

* * *

Our friends will doubtless be pleased to learn that the Mirror of Life continues to forge ahead in circulation. A paper that says what it means and means what it says can't help but be appreciated by all true sportsmen.

* * *

Hair-dressing parlours and public-houses should always keep The Mirror of Life on file for the benefit of customers. Proprietors of such places will certainly find it to their advantage financially to accept this "tip," because the people who patronise such establishments frequently display an inclination to look over interesting journals and The Mirror of Life is at the head of that list.

## VISITORS TO THE "MIRROR OF LIFE."

Amongst the prominent people who have paid us a visit during the past week are George Corfield, the Yorkshire fistic wonder; Marney King, Champion Amateur Sprinter of the Midlands; Nat C. Goodwin, America's famous comedian; Morris Cronin, the celebrated club swinger; Tom Brown, the Yankee Whistler; Joe Harris, the Australian bookmaker, now doing business in England.

Tom: "You say Dickey Wells has been stricken stone blind?"

Jerry: "Yes; he fell in love with Miss Hardface, the heiress, last week."

* * *

He ordered a pint of champagne,
The waiter looked on in disdagne,
The chorus girl laughed,
As she merrily quaghed
And said, "That's too small, come agagne."

## KICKS FROM THE EDITOR.

Misery Loves Company.—We spoke two weeks ago of a slippery joker who had the impudence to let us down on a worthless cheek, and ever since we have naturally devoted much of our time in the interest of his welfare. We didn't want to get him work too soon for the Crown, because we felt that we should be laughed at by some of the knowing ones. We found him gunning after prize-fighters, and knew that if he scored with that element we should at least feel proud that we were not the only element that required a guardian. Well, he has got there with both feet. The oil story and a life insurance claim did the trick. One pugilist is chasing the town now to recover over a hundred pounds, another is looking for the return of £80, and the third is in for a little more than the loss we suffered. How misery does love company, and while we know the others have been touched up, we don't believe they know we're in the same boat. We understand he visited one public-house in company with a pugilist, and when he posed as a brother, the pugilist didn't deny it. The following day he called upon the publican, and on the strength of being the pugilist's brother, he made a tenner; all he left behind was a slip of paper which was supposed to be worth that amount. He passes off as a Yankee, but we understand he was born in this country, though he attained his knowledge of swindling abroad. It makes our blood run cold every time we think of the suffering he has caused us. They say money is hard to get, but he appears to get his easy enough.

* * *

Adding to Our Accomplishments.—We are thoroughly proficient at writing in all branches, can mix paste, engrave on wood, do a little rough sketching, mop up floors, clean out spit boxes, keep books, pack up parcels, open up and lock up every day, read proofs, and polish boots; but we have one more accomplishment to attain, that is to write copy with the right hand, and at the same time we look after the business correspondence with our left. We can barely write with our left hand now, but we shall soon master the art. Once that is accomplished we shall certainly demand a bigger "screw." Whether we shall get it or not remains to be seen. We are living in hopes—in fact, we are waiting for the "Boss" of the show to kick off, because he frequently gets in his own way about the premises, and occasionally swaggers in just to disturb us in performing our functions properly. He knows it all, and so do we, and for five days in the week we are decidedly sour, though on Saturday we have to pretend being good natured and tolerate him till he hands over our pittance.

* * *

We Stoop to Conquer.—We have to acknowledge we are a trifle "off" this week in our columns, but it is not due to laziness by any means. We were graced with a shop full of visitors on Saturday to watch the parade pass our door. As the offices were a week ago it was necessary to roll up the bottom of your trousers when you entered our sanctum to keep them clean, and as for dust, you could write your name on the desk or walls and then only strike through the top layer. The joker that gives out the orders allowed that we should renovate and said that he didn't care to hire a charwoman to assist us. We started with the windows, scrubbed the paint and then the floors. How our knees did pain us, because it is so many years since we have bent our marrow-bones. We got through the job, but it was an awful struggle. In order to destroy the odour from our pipe, we had to disinfect the place, and now it is as clean as a whistle. As we shall not perform such odious duties for some time to come, we shall be enabled to bring our paper up to the standard in future.

Ours is a Happy Home.—We should like to give our readers a little advice, and trust they will profit by it. Never marry a widow with children, it is sure to be the root of all evil. We were married first some fifteen years ago, and two children were the result of the union. She is dead; yes, she left us and the two children six years since, and at the time of her departure we felt that we should have to do something desperate. A year later we married a voluptuous widow who owned a pair of ugly brats of children. Two pair was not sufficient, so we increased the list by one two years ago. Of course our first two are the ones we think the most of. The pair of "kids" that were forced upon us are detestable in our eyes, and the two-year-old—well, we can tolerate that one. We have impromptu knuckle fights at our house every day, and our couple manage to hold their own. Oh! what a happy home is ours! We write at home every night, and whilst in the midst of our editorial our wife came bouncing in to inform us that the children were fighting. "Oh, let them fight," we replied; but she said "Your children and my children are doing the fighting, and they are whipping ours." We had to chastise our pair, she got to her couple, and ours was reconciled by some sweets. We are buying lots of sweets for her children, and if we don't make them sick before long we want to be kicked to death.

## JOSEPH WOOLISCROFT.

**A Nelson Sportsman who is a Proficient Vocalist.**

*(With Portrait.)*

Joseph Wooliscroft, the successful conductor of the Nelson Choir, was born at Goldenhill, Stoke-on-Trent, May 14, 1862, and is therefore thirty-three years of age. Being proprietor of the Bull Hotel in Nelson, he has made that establishment the headquarters of the sportsmen in the town. Being an excellent baritone singer, he successfully conducts the Nelson choir. He is a member of the Excelsior Club, which carried off the honours at Hawes three successive years.

Mr. Wooliscroft is an all-round sportsman, being interested in cricket, football, and all branches of out-door pastimes.

## HE HELD THE STAKES.

**A Publican's Method of Ensuring Himself Against Loss by a Fine.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

The recent betting raids have caused publicans to keep a sharp lookout for any attempt to gamble within the domains of their establishments. In Bradford, the other day, a party of sports were busily engaged over a game of Nap, in one of the smoke rooms of a public-house, and stakes on the game ran high at times. The proprietor happened to drop in, and, seeing a roll of bank notes upon the table, he took possession of them, declaring that, as gambling was prohibited and danger lurked about, he would retain the money till such times as he felt sure there would be no complaint entered against him for permitting games of chance being played on his premises.

## THE ASSASSINATION OF M. CARNOT.

### The Death Chamber.

### Removal of the Body.

### Cutting out Italian Shops, and the Tearing Down of the Italian Flag at Lyons.

*(Fully Illustrated.)*

THE sorrow and indignation aroused by the assassination of President Carnot were universal, and messages of sympathy were sent from all parts of the world to Madame Carnot. The appearance of the death chamber was peculiarly impressive, the President breathing his last on a simple iron bedstead. The body was watched by two sisters from the Lyons hospitals, and also by the venerable Mgr. Deschelletes, an aged ecclesiastic, who is vicar-general of the Arch-diocese of Lyons. Across the door of the room a long couch was drawn, and on this were seated Madame Carnot and her daughter, Madame Cunisset-Carnot. The widow was, for the most part silent and resigned in her bereavement, but at intervals was overcome by uncontrollable fits of sobbing. One of the persons present at the death-bed has furnished the following account of the President's last moments: "As soon as M. Carnot recovered consciousness after the swoon into which he fell upon receiving the fatal blow, he asked for pen and ink in order to write, but was unable to trace a letter on the paper owing to his extreme weakness. Some time before the closing scene commenced, the President asked Col. Chamoin to come near, and pressing that officer's hand said, "I am grateful! I am very grateful!" The final struggle with death only lasted five or six minutes, and as far as could be judged was not very painful. One most distressing incident occurred, however. The violent gasps for air immediately preceding the last breath caused the dying man's wound to open afresh. At six o'clock on the evening of June 26, the remains of the President were removed from the Prefecture at Lyons. The cortège left the court of the Prefecture headed by a peleton of the mounted guard and 100 cuirassiers, with their standard draped in black. Then followed the municipal bands playing Chopin's Funeral March. Twenty-two wreaths and crowns were sent by different delegations and public bodies. The carriage containing the Archbishop of Lyons preceded the body. The remains, which were enclosed in a triple coffin of pine, lead, and oak, were conveyed on a gun-carriage drawn by four horses. It was covered by the national tricolour, draped in crêpe. The chief mourners, who followed the coffin were the two sons of the President, MM. François and Ernest Carnot, and the President's son-in-law, M. Cunisset-Carnot. The cortège passed slowly along the road to the station, the same route, in fact, being taken that was followed by the President when he arrived in Lyons for the fête, June 23. There were signs of mourning everywhere. The gas lamps were lit and draped with crêpe. Numerous flags were displayed draped in a similar way, and all the shops were closed along the line of route. There must have been at least a million people between the Prefecture and railway station, but not a sound was heard, and as the coffin passed every head was bared. One hundred and one guns were fired as the procession passed through the streets. When the cortège reached the station Archibishop Couillé recited the last prayers of the Church. The coffin was then placed in a railway-carriage, and the train left for Paris, arriving there at ten minutes past three the following morning. The body lies in state till Sunday. The excited state of the public at Lyons was beyond description. Repeated collisions occurred in the Saint Pons suburb, where a large number of Italians live. The most serious excesses however, were committed in the Guillotiere Croix-rousse and Vaize quarters. The general procedure of the rioters was to rush into a shop, and in spite of the tears and prayers of the proprietors throw everything out of the windows. Things were then piled up in a heap and burned. If a military patrol or a force of gendarmes approached, the rioters fled and commenced work in another street. About ten of the Italian shopkeepers in the Rue Chaponnay put up their shutters, but the Italian shops which remained open in this street were all ransacked. Near the Place du Pont the rioters piled up a quantity of furniture from different houses, and then set fire to the heap. All the streets were paraded by the rioters, and not a single house occupied by Italians escaped their fury. In the Vaize quarter several groceries were broken into and all their contents thrown into the street. In the Croix Rousse quarter several bands paraded the streets shouting and singing, but not pillaging or wrecking. A rush was made at the headquarters of the Italian Ministry, and the flag tore down. Italians are rapidly quitting the domains of the French Republic and seeking refuge in their own country.

The trial of Santo will take place on July 25.

When brought before M. Benoit, the examining magistrate at Lyons, Santo, in reply to the question as to whether he knew M. Carnot, or had any personal grievance against him, replied, "No; but he was a tyrant, and I killed him for that reason. I had my dagger open concealed in my sleeve. All I had to do was to raise my hand. I aimed at the stomach, and I brought my arm down sharply, shouting 'Vive l'Anarchie!' The crowd rushed upon me and laid me prostrate on the ground. I was beaten mercilessly."

M. Benoit, interviewed by a journalist, and questioned whether Santo knew that the President was dead, said: "I believe so. While I was questioning him on June 25, an official entered and told me the terrible news. Although the official spoke in a very low voice I think Santo overheard him, and as I turned to him, deeply agitated by the news just told me, he appeared to be smiling. The prisoner is a very intelligent man. Santo is not a theorist like Henry was, and his views seem quite different from those of other Anarchists. He has not yet been photographed, as the blows which he received after committing the deed have rendered him almost unrecognisable. His left eye is nearly closed, and his lips are thickly swollen."

The history of funeral pageants records nothing more magnificent or more pathetic than the scene which was witnessed in Paris Sunday morning, July 1, when the remains of the late President Carnot were transferred from the Elysée to their last resting-place at the Panthéon. Thousands remained up the previous night, and every point of vantage along the route to be followed by the cortège on either side was occupied at daybreak by a dense mass of men and women. They kept guard upon the trees and lamp-posts, and young men even sat and slept in the big stone vases which top the columns of the railings of the Rue de Rivoli. The fight for places commenced early the previous evening, and towards midnight became so vigorous that the Prefect of Police was obliged to issue a general order that none of the improvised stands should be erected upon the edge of the streets to be followed by the procession, and they were to be kept back to a respectable distance in the large public squares and at the ends of the streets abutting upon the line of route. The troops which were to confine the crowds within prescribed limits were in position shortly after eight o'clock Sunday morning, and at nine o'clock the traffic which usually plies between the Arc de Triomphe and the Hotel de Ville was diverted into other channels. The approaches to the Elysée were stopped as early as seven o'clock to everybody except those who were connected with the funeral arrangements. From seven until ten o'clock the wreaths literally poured into the palace, and as they arrived they were heaped on the twelve cars standing in line in the gardens.

The Elysée was superbly decorated. The facade was surmounted by a trophy of tricolour veiled in crape with the words: "Honneur et Patrie" in the centre of an enlarged emblem of the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honor. The whole of the court was hung with black drapery with silver fringes, and all the lamps which were kept burning were heavily hung with crape. In the centre stood the imposing catafalque to which the remains had been transferred in the early morning. At half-past nine o'clock the funeral car entered the gate, and was stationed by the side of the catafalque. This was the same car that was used for the funerals of

M. THIERS AND MARSHAL MACMAHON,

and the six horses, heavily caparisoned in black and silver, were under the hands of the old coachman Lignie, who drove the funeral carriage of the father of President Carnot. The car itself was simple in the extreme—an open hearse, in fact, surmounted with plumes. In the centre of each of the sides were the arms of the Republic and shields which bore the initials of the late President, whilst a trophy of five silk flags stood at each of the angles.

The new President of the Republic arrived at the Elysée at ten o'clock, preceded by the Military Governor of Paris and his escort. The solemn ceremony of the levée du corp was then proceeded with, M. Herzog, the curé of the Madeleine, officiating in the presence of the ambassadors and high functionaries who had been invited to meet in the courtyard. Gen. Saussier, the Military Governor of Paris, rode through the gates of the Elysée at twenty minutes past ten o'clock, and raised his sword as a signal for the procession to move forward. This was immediately passed on to the troops massed in the Champs Elysée, who were to head the cortège, whilst the batteries of the Artillery on the Seine, near the Pont de la Concorde, fired the first of the 101 salutes which were given during the progress to the Panthéon.

As the first gun reverberated on the still air, the thousands who had been standing patiently for hours gave expression to loud exclamations of relief, for the thermometer registered over 80 degrees in the shade. Before the procession reached the Place de la Concorde scores of people fainted, and were carried out of the crowd to the ambulances stationed at different points.

Preceded by a company of the mounted Republican Guard and a body of police stretching in four lines across the roadway, the advanced guard of the cortege entered the Place de la Concorde. This consisted of the 2nd Regiment of Cuirassiers, a dazzling body in the fierce light of the sun which played on their burnished helmets and breast plates. Then followed more cuirassiers and dragoons in alternating squadrons followed by the infantry with massed bands at their head and muffled drums. There were in all preceding the funeral car a whole regiment of engineers, the 29th battalion of Foot Chasseurs, together with the troopers of the Polytechnic and the Military School of St. Cyr.

Behind the troops came the floral tributes and emblems sent to commemorate the late President. It is perhaps no exaggeration to say that such a display of flowers has not been seen before in Paris. The supply was completely exhausted on Friday night, and every part of the country was searched for more. It is now estimated that

£100,000 WERE SPENT

in the purchase of wreaths and crowns. The first place was given to that of the President of the Republic, an immense wreath 7ft in diameter, and made of red roses and palm leaves. It was carried by men in evening dress and wearing tricoloured cockades. Twelve two-horse cars conical in shape were loaded with hundreds of floral emblems. The tributes sent by the crowned heads of Europe, which came behind these cars, were carried on the shoulders of firemen in uniform. That of her Majesty Queen Victoria, in violets, and of the Prince of Wales, in roses and orchids, were much admired, as were also the more pretentious wreath of the Emperor William, and the gorgeous affair in yellow and red flowers sent by the Queen of Spain.

Everybody saluted the remains lying beneath the tricolored flag as it passed by. The bands of the regiments guarding the route were stationed at the ends of the streets which ran into those constituting the course of the procession, and they played Chopin's Funeral March as the car passed them. At these points the passage of the body was rendered most solemn and impressive. A guard of honour surrounded the car, and behind it walked six officers carrying the decorations of the deceased President upon cushions. Following them were the personal servants of the late President Carnot, then his three sons, MM. Ernest, Francois, and Sadi Carnot, walking bareheaded, the last in the uniform of a lieutenant of infantry, together with M. Adolph Carnot, brother of the the deceased President, and M. Cunisset Carnot, his son-in-law. M. Casimir-Perier walked alone a few paces behind the members of the family, and wearing for the first time the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honour.

The military attachés in gorgeous uniforms representing all the power of Europe, constituted a brilliant point of relief in the mourning procession. The whole of the members of the Senate and Chamber of Deputies in evening dress, and wearing their tricolored sashes, walked in compact bodies, surrounded by a guard of honour consisting of dragoons.

To enumerate all the bodies represented on this memorable occasion would be impossible. Fours hours were occupied in marching past any given point. Magnificent order was maintained, and the organisation of the procession generally was wonderfully perfect. The spectacle presented by the streets along the line of route was impressive in the extreme. Every lamp was lit and covered with crape, and from every window hung veils, national flags, or other signs of mourning. The crowds were so enormous that no estimate approaching exactitude can be formed of them. No point was considered too dangerous, no public monument, not even that of the lost town of Strasbourg in the Place de la Concorde, nor that of Joan of Arc in the Rue de Rivoli was respected by the people in their endeavours to catch a glimpse of the imposing funeral cortége. On the bronze horse of the Maid of Orleans were half a dozen of the modern citizens of Paris. Generally speaking, the behaviour of the crowd was exemplary.

Proceeding through the Rue de Rivoli to the Place de l'Hotel de Ville, the cortége passed over the bridge of Notre Dame, and reached the ancient cathedral at ten minutes past twelve o'clock. The bells tolled a muffled peal as the funeral car approached the main entrance of the sacred edifice, which has not presented so imposing an appearance for very many years. The decorations were simple though grand in their character. The pulpit was enveloped in black velvet studded with white stars. The members of the choir were dressed in black. Cardinal Richard, who performed the religious part of the ceremony, occupied the archiepiscopal throne.

At the termination of the mass Cardinal Richard advanced to the screen of the choir and delivered an impressive address.

The procession was again formed upon leaving Notre Dame and proceeded by way of the Pont de St. Michel and the Boulevard St. Michel to the Pantheon. Similar characteristics marked its passage through the Latin Quarter. There were several cries of "Long live Casimir-Perier!" as the President was recognised, but he turned to the crowd and made a sign for silence to be maintained. The exterior decoration of the Pantheon was very imposing. The whole of the scaffolding at present erected outside the building was covered with black cloth bordered with silver, and relieved at intervals by shields bearing the initials R.F., and surmounted by the tricolour. Above the entrance was the initial C. On each side were silver vessels with burning perfume and lighted torches. The steps were buried under a mass of wreaths and flowers, nearly all of which were sent from the provinces. Inside the structure the ornamentation was more simple. The catafalque, on which was a black marble sarcophagus, stood in what was formerly the choir. At each corner were trophies draped in crape. Flowers were grouped at the base, and burning lamps were placed at the sides. The canopy was compcsed of black and gold cloth, and was arranged in exactly the same style as at the funeral of Victor Hugo. Only a few seats were provided, most of those present having to stand. The coffin was deposited before the catafalque, and to the right of it was a small tribune, from which the speeches were delivered.

## JEAN CASIMIR-PERIER.

JEAN CASIMIR-PERIER was on June 29, at Versailles, elected President of France, to fill the vacancy caused by the assassination of President Carnot. The selection hardly met with the approval of the Socialist element. He was born in Paris November 8, 1847, is the son of the diplomatist Auguste Casmir Victor Perier, Minister under Thiers, and grandson of the "Great Casmir," the famous statesman of Louis Philippe's reign. After having finished his law course the future President had to take up arms in defence of his country. The war of 1870 had broken out, and young Casimir-Perier became a captain in the Mobile Guard of his department, that of the Aube, where his family chateau of Pont-sur-Seine is situated. He took a leading part in the battle of Bagneux, where the Commander of the Mobile, Dampierre, was killed. Casimir-Perier carried the wounded chief off the battle-field amid a storm of bullets. This episode of the war has been pictured by Lucien Sergent, and the little painting hangs on the walls of the Pont-sur-Seine chateau. For his services in the field M. Casimir-Perier received the Cross of the Legion of Honour. From 1871 to 1872 he was Chef du Cabinet of his father, who was Minister of the Interior. In April, 1874, he was elected to the Chamber as a Republican, and sat for Nogent-sur-Seine. He was re-elected in 1876, and constantly voted with the majority formed by the Left Centre and the Republican Left. He was one of the 363 Deputies who refused to vote confidence in the Broglie Ministry after May 16, 1877. Then he became Under-Secretary of State in the Fine Arts and Public Worship Department. M. Casimir-Perier gave up his seat as a Deputy when the Orleans Princes were deprived of their army rank, but he was careful to remind his electors that he was as staunch a Republican as ever. A month afterwards, in March, 1883, he was re-elected, and General Campenon appointed him Under-Secretary st the War Office. Eventually he became President of the Chamber of Deputies, President of the Council, and again returned to his post as head of the Lower House, the duties of which office he was fulfilling until June 27.

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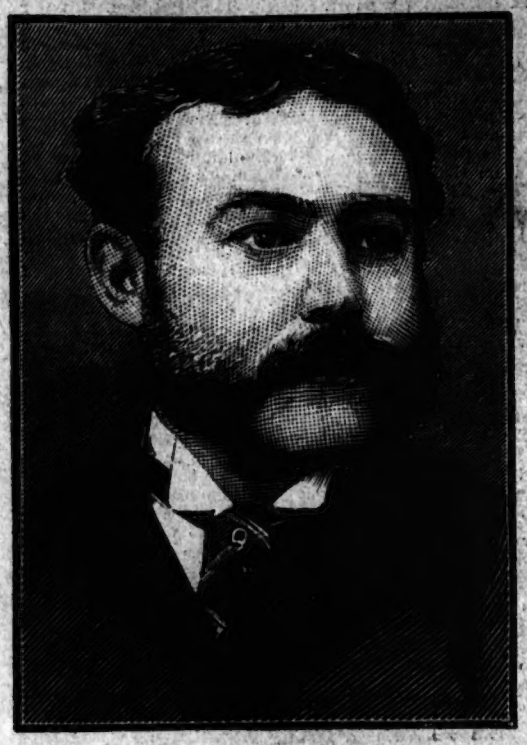


JAMES RYMER.

The Mile End Marvel.

HE HELD THE STAKES.

A Publican's Method of Ensuring Himself Against Loss by a Fine.

PETER MOSS.

Rapid Shaver of Camberwell.

GOT HIS JUST DESERTS.

An Inquisitive Young Man Plays Ghost and Gets Stoned.

THOMAS STEELE.

The Bethnal Green Pet.

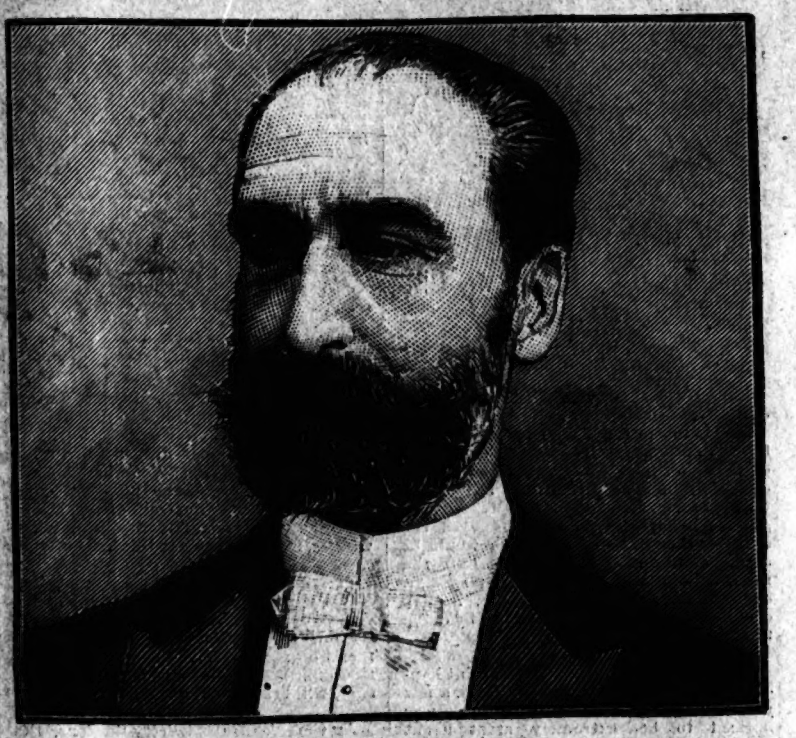
A Trio to Contend for the Shaving Championship.

NAILED THEM DOWN.

How Two Fellows Prevented Their Girls from Dancing with Strange Men.

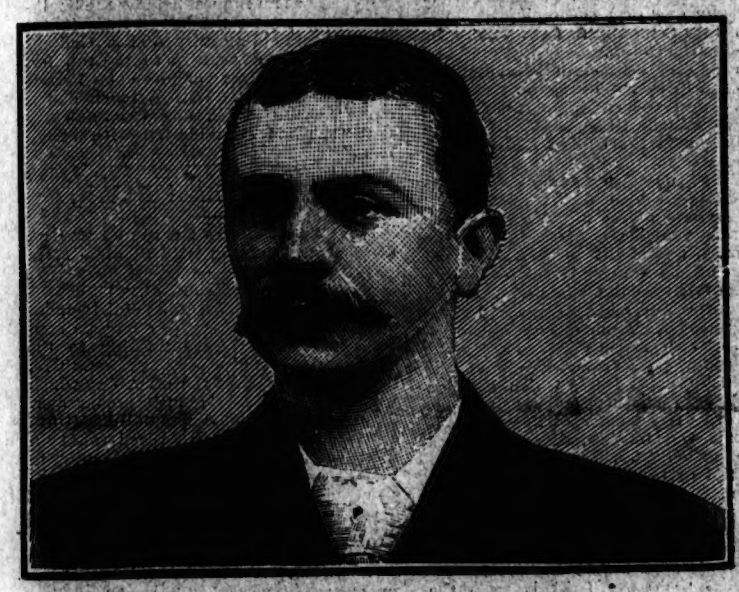
Mr. JAMES E. DEWHURST.

A Patron of Boxing, who is Hon. Sec. and Treasurer of the Belsize Boxing Club.



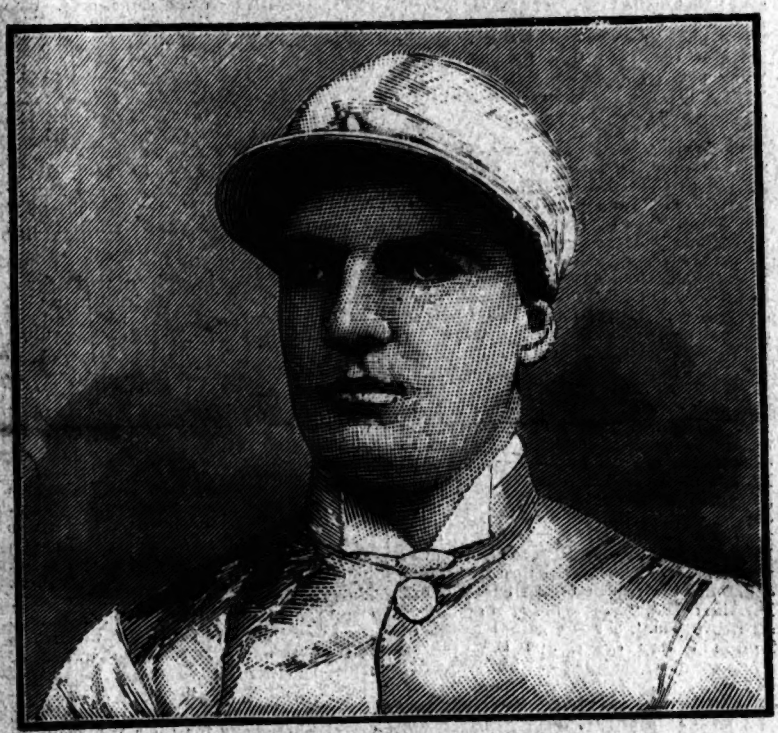
M. SADI CARNOT.

The Assassinated President of the French Republic.



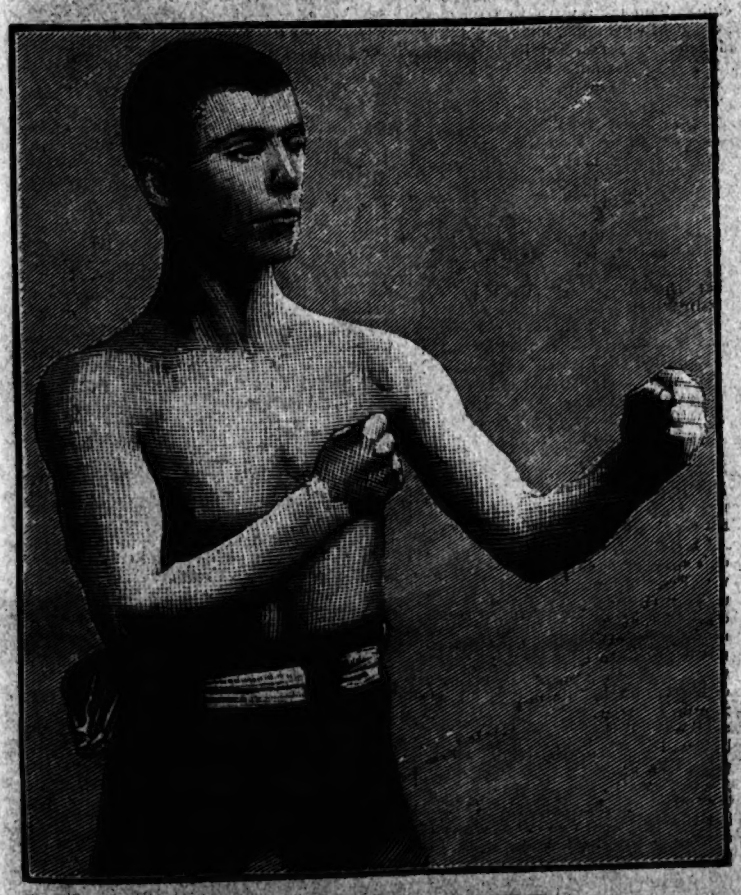
JOSEPH WOOLISCROFT.

A Nelson Sportsman who is a Proficient Vocalist.



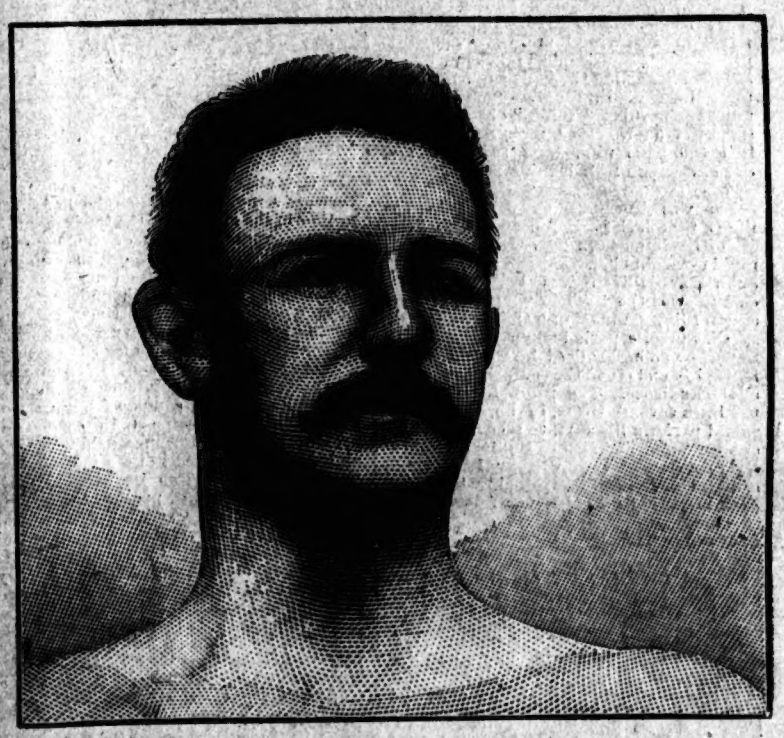
MORNINGTON CANNON.

A Popular Jockey in the Heavy-Weight Division.



PEDLAR PALMER.

The 7st. 6lb. Fistic Wonder.



JOE McAULIFFE.

A Heavy-Weight Pugilist, Who is Promoting Boxing at San Francisco.

## SPORTING ANECDOTES.

How He Broke the Record.—H. M. Johnson, an American sprinter, was once matched to run 100yds. In a private trial he was credited with having covered the distance in 9⅖sec. His financial supporter, doubting his good intentions as regards trying to win, stood at the finish score with gun in hand, and politely informed the sprinter that unless he won he would be shot. Johnson won easy, and beat the men, who were supposed to be playing a sure thing, and what is more, he was credited with breaking the record by doing the 100yds in 9 4-5sec.

* * *

He was Well Loaded.—In a sprint handicap at Botany, New South Wales, a few years since, one of the contestants was noticed to be extremely stout about the waist. When half-way down the course something gave way because the shot began dropping as he ran through. The judges examined him after the heat and found he had sheet lead in his running pumps and a bag of shot around the waist. An explanation was demanded, when the sprinter remarked that he felt so light when he stripped that is was necessary to weight himself down to keep him from ascending to heaven.

* * *

A Horse-shoe in the Glove.—A glove fight between an Irish pugilist and a local man occurred at Liverpool in 1887, and was productive of quite a little betting as to the result. The Irishman was heralded as an extremely clever fellow, and to the surprise of the spectators quit in the fifth round. His friends tried to prevail upon him to continue, but this he refused to do exclaiming, "Be jabers, I've been up against many games but I never met a man before who would stoop to put a horseshoe in his glove when he fought."

* * *

Dinnie on a High Seat.—When Donald Dinnie, the Scotch athlete first visited the States, he was extensively advertised to contend in the Caledonian games. The Boston Club make a parade before the games, and Dinnie was placed in a carriage with Duncan C. Ross. Donald took Ross's cushion, and, placing it upon his, sat down, leaving Ross to sit upon the wooden seat. The latter expostulated and demanded the return of the cushion, but Dinnie replied, "I'm a big man and must sit above you." At the games Ross beat Dinnie in every event, and the athletes made considerable sport of Dinnie and his high seat.

* * *

He vos a Little 9st Man.—Dutch Sam usually wore side whiskers. Standing before the Angel, Islington, one day, a cattle-jobber made him the target of several witty remarks. Sam objected, remarking, "Dis is all verra pritty, and you likes it, aint it? Vell, I don't, und you sthop pritty quick." The cattle-man laid Sam flat, and was giving him a thorough whipping, when Sam dropped a hot one on the stomach, doubling the jobber up. Another blow knocked him out. "You vas a twelve-stone man, I think," observed Sam. "I likes twelve-stone men more as you like von little nine-stone man like me, dat is vere you feels it mine hearts."

* * *

He was Thinking of Jack.—On the night that Jack E. Dempsey was to fight Bob Fitzsimmons in New Orleans for the middle-weight championship of the world, John L. Sullivan was portraying the character of the hero in "Honest Hearts and Willing Hands" at a Chicago theatre. At that precise period when Sullivan was to perform a heroic deed he walked to the footlights and stood there staring vacantly at the audience. The prompter repeated the lines several times, in hopes John L. would perform his part, to no avail. After several moments' silence Sullivan belched out in a deep guttural voice, "Ladies and gentlemen, I was just thinking how our Jack is getting on with the Australian." The announcement made a decided hit, and many moments' time passed before order could be restored, so amused were the audience over the big fellow's peculiar speech.

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"Tommy, where is your new poll parrot?"

"I lent it to the man who runs the canal-boat."

"Does he want to teach it profanity?"

"No, indeed. He said he wanted to borrow it and get a few points."

## HONEST SPORTS.

Hugh Cooper, son of Ben Cooper, the bookmaker, died recently.

* * *

Mr. Charley Hannen had a bad Ascot. He lost over £30,000 at the meeting, which he paid out without a murmur.

* * *

The Earl of Derby has been elected a member of the Jockey Club, and Lord Russell of Killowen an hon. member.

* * *

The noted American running horse, Raceland, owned by Mike Dwyer, of New York, was destroyed June 27, because of an incurable throat disease.

* * *

The plungers at Ascot seemed to be very unlucky. It is said Mr. Charles Morton laid five monkeys to one on Delphos, so did Mr. Jack Hammond when Northshampton beat him.

* * *

F. E. Bacon finished first in a five miles scratch race at the Woolwich Arsenal Athletic Grounds, June 25. He completed the distance in 24min 47sec. Harry Watkins was second 4yds behind the winner, and Sid Thomas third.

* * *

John Watts has sold his mansion, Hamilton House, situated at the top of the High Street, Newmarket, facing the old Cambridgeshire Course, to M. R. Lebandy, for *on dit* £8,000 above the original cost of the buildings and grounds. Watts, it is said, will take up his abode at Brighton.

* * *

At the Newmarket Petty Sessions, the Duchess of Montrose was fined £10 for keeping a carriage without a licence at Newmarket on May 2, and was further fined £15 for keeping ten male servants at Newmarket on the same date. The prosecution was instituted by the Excise officers.

* * *

An international pigeon shooting handicap was decided at Notting Hill, June 26. In the sweepstake for the Paris Cup Baron Darlodot and Vernon Barker scored eleven kills each, and divided first and second prizes, which amounted to £250. Darlodot was on the 27yd mark, and Barker 29½yd mark. Paul Terarg, off the 28yd mark, scored ten kills and carried off third prize of £25.

* * *

Arrangements have been made for a picked team of Dutch cricketers to visit England in August. Ten matches have been arranged by the Dutch Cricket Union with London and other clubs. Marylebone Cricket Club will be met on August 10 and 11, Gentlemen of Surrey at Richmond on the 17th and 18th, and Lord Sheffield will also get together a team to play them at Sheffield Park.

* * *

At St. Bartholomew's Hospital sports some very fine performances were accomplished. The one mile strangers' race was won by H. A. Byrne, of the South London H., with 30yds start, in 4min 25 3-5sec. F. A. Cohen, L.A.C., 60, was second; S. A. Musson, S.L.H., 120, 3; and F. S. Horan, Cambridge University, scratch, 4. Horan's time was 4min 30 4-5sec. The winner is a son of General Byrne, the owner of Amphion.

* * *

The Yale team of athletes are located at Oxford preparing for their field contests with Oxford. They arrived at Southampton June 27. They are captained by Hickok, who in the States has a great reputation as a hammer-thrower, in which he will be partnered in England by Brown. The other members of the team are Messrs. Sandford, Pond, and Woodhull, who hold the Yale University record for running; and Scandy and Sheldon who are hurdle-racers.

* * *

At a meeting of the National Coursing Club, held at St. James's Restaurant, Piccadilly, London, under the presidency of Mr. S. Mallabey, Mr. J. Hutchison brought forward a motion of which he had given notice to the effect that the funds required for the proper working of the club be raised by an assessment on all coursing clubs and open meetings on the basis of a fee to be paid on all greyhounds running in each stake at those meetings, such fee not to exceed one shilling per greyhound. The motion also provided for the disqualification of greyhounds running at unregistered meetings. Mr. Hutchison contended that this would be a much fairer way of raising their income than existed at present, that their income would be larger, and that they would be in a much better position to take action in cases of malpractice, and thus purify the sport. Friendly criticism was offered by several gentlemen as to how the scheme would work, and eventually it was decided that it should be voted upon at the February meeting in Liverpool.

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"I don't see how you do it," said the man who had caught the slow train.

"Oh, this ain't much speed for us to make," replied the railway guard.

"I meant how you keep the thing from sliding backward on the up grades."

## NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

— That Corfield is liable to whip Bill Plimmer, and the Birmingham sport will drop a pot of money on the fight.

— That King, of Leicester, is open to run any amateur in the midlands.

— That for good, reliable sporting news you should read The Mirror of Life.

— That the National Sporting Club will open its boxing season in October.

— That Jerry Marshall, the Australian pugilist, and Ted Glen, of England, decided their knuckle on a barge in the Ohio River.

— That it is reported in the States that Ted Glen is none other than Martin Crowther.

—That in future Billy Moore will arrange his own battles and dodge the wolf element that froze on to £95 out of the £105 share of the gate which belonged to him.

— That Billy Plimmer's visit here is principally one of pleasure, but he is not averse to arranging a fight before he returns to the States.

— That Dick Burge is quite ill, and it is doubtful if he ever fights again.

— That on the receipt of 2s. 8d. The Mirror of Life will be sent post free to any address in the United Kingdom for thirteen weeks.

— That Sir Augustus Harris has received from the Bedford Office the new lease for seven years of Drury Lane Theatre. This is the first time since the playhouse was built that a personal tenancy has been granted. The theatre does not fall into the Duke of Bedford's hands until December 25 next; but an arrangement has been made with the committee of the present proprietors for the intervening term between the close of Sir Augustus' present lease, which ends on July 31, and Christmas.

— That Tony Pastor, of New York, is here engaging music hall artists for a season in the States.

— That at the Alhambra every night can be seen flocks of Yankees who are visiting this country.

— That the wife of Joe Harris, the bookmaker, has been seriously ill, and is now convalescent.

— That the glove fight between the bantams, John Connors and Jack Levy, at the Olympic Club, New Orleans, June 14, is said to have been one of the bloodiest and most brutal contests ever fought at that club. The lads were to have contested twenty-five rounds, but Levy's limit of endurance was reached in the beginning of the fifth round, and he dropped unconscious to the ground, a gory spectacle of battered humanity, while his antagonist, Connors, stood over him with scarcely a scratch, ready to continue the butchery. In point of attendance the fight also was a failure.

— That in their glove contest at Boston Joe Choynski used every means possible to avoid being knocked out, and Fitzsimmons would have put him to sleep in less than another minute.

— That the American sports believe Bob Fitzsimmons is good enough to fight any heavy-weight in the world.

— That Corbett's return to the States will not be hailed with much enthusiasm.

— That Jem Mace will be a sparring partner for Corbett next winter.

— That The Mirror of Life contains just the kind of gossip sportsmen appreciate.

— That Mr. Will Hulse, of the Dog and Bear, Nottingham, is regarded as the leading sportsman of the lace town.

— That George Corfield will take on Alf Gower, of Mile End, at 7st 12lb soon as he finishes his engagements now on hand.

— That Fred Johnson, of Hackney, wants another shy at George Dixon, the coloured pugilist, at 8st 6lb.

— That Willie Smith, 8st 2lb champion, should not consent to a fight with Fred Johnson and agree to a match at 8st 6lb, because 4lb with little 'uns means giving away too much weight.

— That the editor feels a trifle stale this week, but will come forward next week with fresh kicks and sporting anecdotes. He has been busy all week washing up the floor so as to have presentable offices.

— That the last Duke of York owned racehorses, and he was not ashamed to own a good horse or to back his opinion, though he was actually a bishop in Holy Orders. He was the Prince Bishop of Osnaburg, a city in one of the German principalities, which was in the gift of his father, George III. of England, and who was also at the same time a German sovereign (Elector of Hanover, which was afterwards raised to the rank of a kingdom). His royal highness was a good sportsman, and could do a bit of fighting when wanted. He was Commander-in-Chief of the British Army. He retired from the turf in the early twenties of the present century, and his horses were sold by Messrs. Tattersall, who on two occasions had the honour of selling the Prince of Wales's horses. The duke also built York House, St. James's, now the residence of the Duke of Sutherland. He founded the Duke of York's School at Chelsea Hospital for the sons of soldiers.

— That the Prince of Wales has had a great loss by the death of Mr. Alexander Temple Fitzmaurice, who had been one of his grooms-in-waiting for 27 years. Mr. Fitzmaurice was a good sportsman.

— That George Johnson was united in the bonds of matrimony, June 24, at Hackney Church, to Miss Harriett Jevans.

— That George Johnson, of Hackney, expresses a willingness to fight Harry Spurden, or any 9st pugilist in the world for £200 a-side.

— That Coddy Meddings, the well-known boxer, who has been an inmate of St. Bartholomew's Hospital for some time, has improved enough to return to his home. Meddings, it will be remembered, was stabbed in the back, and his friends will be glad to hear the veteran is on the high road to recovery.

— That as a result of a riot in Charlestown prison, Boston, one prisoner has been killed.

— That bull-fighting has been prohibited by law in Venezuela.

— That at an inquest held by the Southwark coroner on the body of an infant twelve hours old recently a Mrs. Collins, who had acted as midwife to the mother, was asked how many children she herself was the mother of. With a blush and a smile the witness told the coroner and jury that "she had been blessed with seventeen."

## NAILED THEM DOWN.

**How Two Fellows Prevented Their Girls from Dancing with Strange Men.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

The season at Gravesend is fairly under weigh, and about every day may be seen large crowds of people flocking to the dancing pavilion of a popular resort there. An incident occurred the other day which was of a decidedly amusing character. Two young men who had indulged in a dance with lady friends desired to take a stroll off a short distance, and, in order to prevent the sirens from dancing with any other men, they escorted the girls to a bench and nailed their dresses to the top of the seat. The fair ones protested against such treatment, but the young men declined to release them until such time as they returned from their errand.

## JOE McAULIFFE.

**A Heavy-Weight Pugilist, Who is Promoting Boxing at San Francisco.**

*(With Portrait.)*

Joe McAuliffe was, at one time, regarded as the coming heavy-weight champion of the world, and Californian sports were prepared to back him against any man in the world for a large sum of money. His defeats by Peter Jackson, F. P. Slavin, and Joe Goddard practically killed him as a fistic wonder, and he is now making an effort to revive boxing contests in San Francisco. He is but thirty years of age, stands above six feet in height, and fought at 14st 4lb. McAuliffe, up to the time Jackson defeated him, disposed of all comers in glove contests on the Pacific Coast.

He believes he will be enabled to inaugurate a series of fights to occur in 'Frisco for liberal purses.

## GOT HIS JUST DESERTS.

**An Inquisitive Young Man Plays Ghost and Gets Stoned.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

In the Parish of Lee, there is a graveyard attached to a Church, and on pleasant evenings there can be seen couples parading through, breathing words of love. An inquisitive lad recently became imbued with the notion that he would have a delightful time playing ghost, and taking up a convenient spot he enveloped himself in a sheet. His scare failed to work in the manner he anticipated, so to relieve the monotony he resorted to an occasional groan. A couple happening to pass, became somewhat frightened, and the young man to investigate affairs let drive a stone, which struck the joker fair in the head. The victim was not long in uncovering himself, and between running and shouting for help he created quite a rumpus.

## MEMOIRS OF JACK SLACK.

Jack Slack was rendered a pugilist of prominence by his defeat of Jack Broughton, and in being elevated to the rank of champion! He was a man of considerable bottom; firmly made, 5ft 8½in in height, and nearly 14st in weight. Slack possessed very little science, and trusted to a method almost exclusively his own; his blows were generally well put in, and possessed dreadful force. His attitudes were by no means impressive, and there was a lack of elegance in his positions which made him appear unattractive, though he was a most determined fighter, scarcely giving time to his adversary to breathe, being bent on nothing but securing victory by brute strength. He stood remarkably upright, guarding his stomach with his right hand as if protecting his mouth with his left. Whenever Slack meditated delivering a blow upon any particular part of his antagonist he rushed in furiously, regardless of the consequences of a knock-down blow in the attempt. It is but justice to say of him that he disputed every battle manfully, was above shifting, and his bottom was of the first quality. Slack was noted for a back-handed blow which often operated most powerfully upon the face of his antagonist, and it was observed that, being so used to chopping in his business as a butcher, that in fighting the chopper proved of no little service to him in producing victory.

Slack's first battle of note was with George Taylor, in 1750, but the superior science of George rendered his ferocity unavailing, and Slack, after a severe contest of thirty minutes, was obliged to own he had got enough. It was a battle spoken highly of by the sporting men of that day for a prime display of science and bottom.

After Broughton's defeat pugilism in London was done up, and a period upwards of four years elapsed before a battle of any consequence took place, and then it was fought in the country between Pettit, a Frenchman, and Slack at Harleston, in Norfolk, in 1754.

This battle proved as singular a conflict as ever took place in the annals of pugilism. Pettit, on the first set-to, darted with uncommon fury at Slack, and seizing him by the throat, for half a minute, held him tight against the rails surrounding the stage, till Slack was nearly choked and black in the face, and it was with some difficulty that Slack released himself from this unpleasant position. The next ten minutes Pettit appeared like a blacksmith hammering away at Slack, and driving him all over the stage with uncommon impetuosity, till at length Slack closed upon Pettit and gave him three desperate falls; but during which period he threw Slack twice off the stage. Pettit began to appear shy of Slack's method of throwing, and ran in upon the latter, seizing him by the legs, tumbling him down. It was any odds against Slack after they had been fighting eighteen minutes, when at the commencement of the fight it was 4 to 1 on Slack, who now changed his method of attack, and followed the Frenchman up so close that he had no opportunity of running in at him, but was compelled to stand up and fight, when Slack closed up one of his eyes and disfigured him in a shocking manner. Pettit's wind, began to fail him, whilst Slack was rapidly recovering his strength, and odds shifted in favour of the Englishman. Pettit once more got a slight advantage and hurled Slack over the rails, but in going over Slack put in a desperate blow under the ribs of the Frenchman that made him cry peccavi. Slack was not slow in mounting the stage, but Pettit was so panic-struck from the blow he had received that he brushed off with all the haste imaginable, never stopping to look back at his opponent. Slack was therefore returned the winner.

About a twelvemonth after this fight Cornelius Harris, a collier from Bristol, challenged Slack for one hundred guineas. Harris proved himself a good bit of stuff, teazed the champion a good deal, and disputed the ground manfully. Slack's experience, however, was too much for him, and after a severe bout of twenty minutes Harris gave in.

Slack now lay on the shelf for upwards of four years, till Morton, of Acton Wells, had the temerity to call the champion out to the field of honour for fifty pounds. Slack accepted the challenge, and Morton showed himself a good bottom man. He kept alive for thirty five minutes in a style of great excellence. Slack had a tough time, but ultimately won.

Ten years had now elapsed since Slack had vanquished Jack Broughton, and held the title of Champion, but the honour was envied by others, and another hero put in a claim for the towering prize. Slack's fame was well established and Royalty was once more busy in the pugilistic scene by Broughton's old patron, the Duke of Cumberland, stepping forward and backing him for £100 against Bill Stevens, a nailer, whom the Duke of York took under his patronage. The Haymarket was the scene of action, and a stage was erected in a tennis-court in James Street. Slack entered the field with all the courage of a veteran, and was acknowledged to have the advantage in the first part of the battle, but Stevens, with an arm like iron, received the ponderous blows of his antagonist on his left with ease, while with the right he so punished the champion's nob that he knocked off the title, picked it up, and wore it! Thus fell the hitherto mighty Slack.

Slack now returned to his business as a butcher in Covent Garden, and, being a public man, he had considerable custom.

## TYPES OF WEAPONS IN USE.

**Some Used for Self-defence, others for the Purpose of Robbery.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

The manner in which President Carnot was killed is characteristic of the Italian, who appears to be the most treacherous of human beings. Upon the slightest provocation they will resort to the use of the vendetta or stiletto. It is only exceptional cases where the "Dago" will face a man in fair fight, preferring to sneak up unobserved and murder a victim when he least expects an attack. The dude or swell in going about will frequently rely upon a sword cane, not so much for the sake of depriving one of his life, as for self-protection sake. Along the line of the Mississippi river in the States the weapon most commonly used for fighting and self-protection is the dagger, known in those parts as Arkansas toothpicks, and many a duel has been fought with them, too. The black man places his reliance in the razor, and, in many cases, it is carried in the boot or hip pocket. Any time a "coon" flourishes a razor it is high time to beat a hasty retreat, because they are adept in the use of them. The French pistol-cane is a device used by many for protection when travelling in questionable portions of a town late at night. It can be used as a pistol or as an "eye puncher" in an effective manner. The burglar, rowdy, and general rough will depend upon the knuckle-duster, the black Jack, or sand-bag to quiet a victim and enable them to ply their vocation. They can be used with effect, and creates no noise, so that a victim once hit is at their mercy, and, unless molested, they can perform their work and escape unobserved without causing an alarm. The cowboy probably does his murderous work in a much fairer style than any other class. He accepts a chance of his life being snuffed out whilst making a target of a victim. Whoever is the best shot turns out the best man.

## THEY HAD TO SETTLE.

**How a Pair of Bilks were Caught at Their Own Game.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

"Two men about town were taken in beautifully the other night," says a correspondent, and it was at their own game too. It appears both are fairly well to do, financially, but possess a burning desire to bilk any and everybody that they come in contact with. They fell in with two female artists recently, and managed to induce the new-made friends to extend an invite to escort them to the hotel. On reaching there the young men proposed a bottle of wine, and one bottle led to another till half a dozen had been consumed. The females felt a trifle dubious about the sincerity of the couple and were fearful lest the champagne would be charged against their account at the hotel. They accordingly suggested paying for what had been consumed, and it was then that the pair of vultures professed to have forgotten their purses. Finally one of the bilks produced a £500 note and pleaded to be excused till they could go out and change it. The women were too smart to be caught in such a trap, and one of them grasped the note which the one man had exhibited, and tearing it in half informed the pair she would retain it as security, and when they returned and liquidated the account the portion of the note she had would be returned. No argument advanced was sufficiently plausible to induce the woman to relent from the course they had taken, and the gay bilks were compelled to bounce about to secure enough money to redeem the missing portion of the note the females held for security."

## COMMON GOSSIP.

Mr. Justice Kennedy sentenced Evan Williams to seven years' penal servitude at the Glamorganshire Assizes. He had been convicted of causing serious damage by a dynamite explosion.

* * *

Sydney Collins pleaded guilty before the Recorder to a charge of stabbing a man named Gilroy in a Mile End lodging house. He was sent to gaol for 18 months with hard labour.

* * *

A case of lynching is reported from Bowling Green, Kentucky, where a mulatto, who had admitted having attempted to outrage the wife of his employer, a white man, was seized by a mob and hanged on the spot.

* * *

A negro who attempted to outrage a white woman near Brookhaven, Mississippi, was, on June 27, forcibly taken from the law officers by a mob and hanged to a tree. Another negro who was accused of a similar offence at Hudson, Alabama, was arrested, and confessed his crime. He also was taken out of the custody of the authorities and lynched.

* * *

Jane Nicholson was sentenced to five years' penal servitude for performing illegal operations upon a number of women at a place in Well Street, Hackney, which she carried on ostensibly as a fish shop. There was a charge of murder against the prisoner, but the evidence of the medical men, Mr. Avory said, was not sufficient to justify the prosecution in placing her upon her trial for that offence.

* * *

At Winchester, Stephen S. Pearce, estate agent, and formerly Sheriff of Southampton, now Labour candidate for that borough, was sentenced to three years' penal servitude for stealing three blank cheques. The prisoner abstracted the cheques from a cheque-book in a hotel while writing a letter there, and filled in fictitious names. The prisoner has been, it was stated, previously sentenced to six years' penal servitude for forgery.

* * *

A duel with swords was fought on June 28, near Rome, between Signor Imbriani, the well-known Radical Deputy, and Major Tassoni, an officer who was recently decorated in recognition of his services during the late disturbances in Sicily. Signor Imbriani on June 26 called attention to the distinction conferred on the major, and said that it was undeserved. Both combatants were wounded in the duel, Major Tassoni the more severely. A reconciliation was effected on the ground after the encounter was over.

* * *

An inquest was held at Birmingham upon Emma Collins, twenty-three, a married woman living apart from her husband. On June 23, she was going home drunk, and another woman named Sarah Watkins asked her if she "wanted a chap." Deceased was annoyed and used filthy language. Joseph Robinson, the paramour of Watkins, told her to go, but deceased refused and threatened him, and he then struck her in the face and kicked her with fatal effect. The jury returned a verdict of manslaughter against Robinson.

* * *

At the Liverpool Police court, before Mr. Stewart, stipendiary magistrate, F. J. Vinall, of the Empire Vaults, was charged with using his licensed premises for the purposes of betting. A witness for the police deposed he had been on the premises several times, and saw numerous bets being made in the presence of the prisoner—some being made with the prisoner. On other occasions Vinall himself received money and handed it over to bookmakers. Further evidence having been given as to the finding in the house of betting lists and books, with entries of bets, Vinall was committed for trial, but admitted to bail.

* * *

Robert Cave, a stonemason, was found guilty of uttering counterfeit coin. When arrested, no less than twenty-eight spurious coins were in his possession. He had previously been in gaol, and asked for another chance. No one, he said, would employ him. Three years' penal servitude.

Denis O'Brien was sent to penal servitude for a like term for a similar offence. Samuel Seymour, William Boleyn, and Anne Boleyn were found guilty of possessing moulds, &c., for the manufacture of coins. The two men were well-known as "smashers." William Boleyn was sentenced to ten years' penal servitude, and Seymour to seven. Anne Boleyn was acquitted.

* * *

An example of mob law is reported from Spring Valley, Illinois, U.S.A., June 27. While a man named Pinkerton was being tried in the Circuit Court, presided over by Mr. Justice White, for assaulting a young girl, the girl's friends, after listening to her account of the outrage, rushed towards the prisoner with the intention of seizing him. Pinkerton sprang through the window into the street below and endeavoured to escape. The mob, however, followed him, and in a few minutes he was caught and beaten until he became insensible. He was dragged beneath the adjacent trees and consciousness was restored. Then the person whom he was charged with having assaulted beat him with a club until he again became insensible. The police were at length enabled to interfere to save the prisoner from the fury of the crowd, which numbered about 300.

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There was an extremely bad case of wife beating at Thames, prisoner being Jeremiah Regan, 18, John Street, St. George's. Prosecutrix said her husband "beat her cruel." He punched her with his fists, knocking her down, and then kicked her. He also pulled a lot of her hair out. She went to the hospital, and had her injuries dressed. On her return the accused beat her with half a brick. On the 28th of last month he was sentenced to seven days' hard labour for kicking her in the jaw. He was slowly murdering her and her children. Mr. Mead said the only doubt in his mind was whether he should not send the prisoner to gaol for more than six months, by giving him long sentences for each assault. However, he would not do that, but prisoner would be sentenced to six months' hard labour. There would also be a judicial separation.

## SHE MADE HER SELECTION.

**Preferred to be an Old Man's Darling to a Young Man's Slave.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

A comely widow in the midlands has for some time back been courted by two men, one being young, poor, and decidedly handsome, whilst the rival was well along in years, and the proud possessor of an abundance of wealth. Competition waxed warm for several months, till finally the widow decided upon joining fortunes with the old war-horse. Whilst the accepted suitor was deeply engaged in picturing out the future, the rival entered unannounced and took him to task for being too presumptious, but the widow promptly informed him that she had decided to become an old man's darling in preference to a young man's slave.

## SAVED HER LIFE.

**A Young Man Submits to his Blood Being Transfused into his Sweetheart.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

Particulars of a case where a sweetheart proved himself loyal reach us from the South of France. A young lady had for some time been confined to her bed with illness, and her recovery appeared decidedly doubtful. The physician in attendance declared that the only hope for his fair patient would rest in the transfusion of blood from a healthy person. When the worst became known the young lady's sweetheart volunteered to undergo the ordeal. The operation was performed by making an incision in the arm of the invalid and the young man, and the blood conveyed from the healthy one to that of the young lady by means of a syringe. It proved a master stroke on the part of the physician, inasmuch as the invalid is now convalescent.

## MR. JAMES E. DEWHURST.

**A Patron of Boxing, who is Hon. Sec. and Treasurer of the Belsize Boxing Club.**

*(With Portrait.)*

Probably the most prominent amateur boxing club in London is the Belsize, of which Mr. Jimmy Dewhurst is hon. sec. and treasurer. Coming from Yorkshire some ten years ago, where he had always taken a great interest in various sports, and generally in the way of holding some office, he found his knowledge of clubs very useful in London.

That well-known cycling club — the "Manningham" — whose quarters are at Bradford, had the services of Mr. Dewhurst as hon. sec. for five years, and in connection with cross-country running, he was one of the founders of the "Bradford Harriers" who won the Yorkshire Challenge Cup the first year it was instituted. Yorkshire's loss proved to be London's gain because on coming to the metropolis he joined the Belsize Boxing Club. The members discerned his ability and love for sport, and elected him as hon. sec. and treasurer, an office he has held for six years; much of the success of the club must be credited to his able and efficient directorship.

Mr. Dewhurst is not only one of the most popular members of the club, but is well known in the neighbourhood of St. John's Wood, where he resides and where the club has headquarters. He is generally to be seen at all the competitions held by other clubs, and we believe that he has never missed a night at the National Sporting Club since that prominent institution started. He is universally respected, and any of the boxers are only too willing to respond to Mr. Dewhurst's call when that gentleman is organising a meeting of the Belsize Club.

THE ASSASSINATION

The Death Chamber. Removal of the Body. Gutting out Italia

ATION OF M. CARNOT.

ut Italian Shops, and the Tearing Down of the Italian Flag at Lyons.

# AROUND THE RING.

## PEDLAR PALMER WINS.

## WALLACE'S POOR SHOW.

## SPURDEN A CHAMPION.

## Barton Easily Satisfied.

## Corfield's Movements.

### Billy Moore Looking for his Money.

*(With Portrait.)*

The National Sporting Club's final meeting of the season occurred June 25, when the members turned out in full force to witness the twenty rounds contest between Pedlar Palmer, of Canning Town, and Bill Martimer, of Upton Park, for £50 a-side and an added purse of £50. The match restricted the men to 7st 8lb each in weight, and when the time arrived for the men to scale Palmer tipped the beam at 7st 7lb, and Martimer 2lb below the stipulated weight.

Pedlar Palmer was born in Canning Town on November 19, 1875. He stands 5ft 2½in high, and commenced boxing about a couple of years ago. Having received instructions in the manly art from his father, Old Pedlar Palmer, he first came into notice by running up to Sam Swainsbury, of Old Ford, in a 7st 6lb competition at Professor D'Arcy Brennan's; won an 8st competition at the same place, beating A. Wigg and Ernie Stanton, of Stratford, in the final; won an 8st competition at Plaistow Athletic Club; beat W. Morse, of Barking, in six rounds; won a 7st 6lb competition at Woolwich, beating Saunders, of Stamford Hill, and T. Woods, of Woolwich, in the final; beat Walter Croote, of Leytonstone, in seventeen rounds, for 7st 2lb championship and £150, at the National Sporting Club, on May 1, 1893; beat Mike Small, of Holloway, in six rounds at the N.S.C.; beat Albert Gould, of Bethnal Green, in a six-round contest at the N.S.C.; beat T. Woods, of Woolwich, in a six-round contest; received forfeit of £50 from W. Mortimer, his present opponent, on February 19, 1894. William Mortimer was born at Bethnal Green on November 16, 1861. He has been boxing about four years. His first engagement of note, after winning several minor events, was with Patsy Sheehan, with whom he engaged in a twelve-round contest, which Sheehan won after an extra round had been fought. Subsequently, in a finish fight with the same opponent, Mortimer won in twelve rounds; beat Fred Bayfield, of Epsom, in one round, at the Ormonde Club; beaten by Mike Small, of Holloway, in six rounds: beat Joe Gates, of Chelsea, for the 7st championship, in eight rounds, at the Goodwin Club; beat Wal Parker, of Stepney, in three rounds; beat Joe Rusby, who hailed from Forest Gate, in one round; beat Harry Sibby, of Hoxton, in three rounds; runner-up to Darkey Edwards in Ben Hyam's 7st 8lb competition, after beating Sid Phillips and Fred Knight, of Hoxton, in the preliminary bouts; beat Bill Bolton, of St. George's, for the 7st 4lb championship and £125, in fifteen rounds, at the National Sporting Club, September 25, 1892; beaten by George Beach, of Holloway, for 7st 4lb championship and £250, in twenty rounds, at the National Sporting Club, March 13, 1893; beat A. Buckingham, of Bloomsbury, in thirteen rounds, at the Ormond Club, Epsom, on June 5 last. Both lads were in excellent condition on entering the ring, Barney Sheppard and George Swanney attending upon Palmer, whilst Mortimer was seconded by Arthur Callan and Bill Baxter. Betting was 6 to 4 on Palmer, who assumed the aggressive in the opening round, and fought his opponent all over the ring, many of his blows failing to find a resting place. During the second round Mortimer planted in two hot ones in the mouth, steadying Palmer somewhat; the latter, however, retaliated with effect on the head and body. In the third round Palmer fought Mortimer till the latter finally found relief by going down. It was any odds on Palmer scoring a win. In the next, the last-named took a long lead. Mortimer appeared weak, and Palmer upset him twice, and it was Pedlar's fight as they took their corners. Mortimer was quite groggy, and the minute's interval freshened him up a deal. The fifth round proved to be the last. At the call of time Palmer set to work with both hands and banged-away at the head and body. Mortimer closed with his arms round Palmer's neck; the other lad was swung off, and fell to the boards. There were cries of foul, but Mr. Angle's "No foul!" was followed by cheers, and finally after Mortimer had gone down three times the referee stopped the contest and returned Palmer the winner. Mortimer displayed the utmost gameness, but he was up against too hard a game. Though in a dazed condition he desired to continue and receive the blow which would have placed him into the land of dreams for a spell, but Mr. Angle's good judgment prevailed.

Three six-round bouts were brought to a decision. The first being between Bob Crawley, of St. George's, and Jem Walker, of Bethnal Green. The latter had the advantage of height and weight, but his deliveries were decidedly erratic. Crawley put in several well-directed blows, and fought him to a complete standstill before the first three minutes had expired. Walker was unable to respond for the second round. Ernie Stanton and Bill Hoad were the second couple to dispute the six rounds for a purse, and it proved to be an interesting bout. Stanton was the better of the two and got the verdict. Peter Driscoll, of the Royal Navy, essayed to go through with Harry Harrison, but the last-named met his adversary with straight left-hand jabs, knocking him down three times in the second round. Driscoll struggled hard to continue, but to no avail, and the decision was rendered accordingly.

* * *

When Darkey Barton wrote a series of scurrilous epistles to Harry Spurden, who was stopping with friends at Cambridge, the 9st Champion declared he would not rest content till he gave Darkey another whipping, and he has lived fairly up to his word. These men fought to a finish with 4oz gloves at the Bolinbroke Club, Clapham Junction, June 27, for £50 a-side and an added purse of £100. Owing to a recent spell of illness Spurden was not in as good condition as he might have been, whilst Barton had been carefully prepared for the encounter. When the men entered the ring the odds were as high as 2 to 1 on

Harry Spurden.

The first five rounds were uninteresting, because both adopted cautious tactics, and only led when an opening presented itself. In the sixth round, however, Spurden used his left to good advantage, and landed several effective face blows. Both landed frequently during the succeeding five rounds, though Spurden displayed the greater amount of science, and convinced his supporters that it was but a question of time for him to secure a victory. After a sharp exchange in the twelfth round Spurden forced the pace and drove Barton to the ropes, getting in with both hands effectively. He done all the leading in the three rounds which followed, Barton being content to counter when possible. The blows were few and far between from this point up to the twentieth round, when Spurden landed several hot ones to the discomfiture of Barton, who appeared to be in distress from the effects of body blows. The latter swung his right viciously in the twenty-first round, but Spurden carefully avoided the blows directed at his head and kept boring away at the body. In the twenty-second round Spurden landed a heavy blow in the stomach, and Barton went down. He arose, only to receive another blow, and again dropped to the floor.

Barton Didn't Relish the Job.

and, on rising the second time, Spurden touched up his wind. Barton gracefully dropped, and on rising to his feet he gave in. He saw no possible chance of victory, and concluded to quit before he got too badly punished. Sam Blakelock and Tom Herrick seconded Spurden, who was declared the winner.

Jem Knowles knocked out George Winters in the ninth round of a twelve-round contest, and in a six-round battle Harry Callam was given the verdict over George Spurdon.

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In justice to Spurden we can state that some time since he injured his right arm at the elbow, and whilst he was supposed to have been in training he was really under the direction of a Cambridge physician for treatment. During the fight the injured limb caused him considerable pain, but he paid no heed to that, believing he could whip Barton with one hand, and that feat he performed to perfection. He entered the ring at 9st 3lb, whilst Barton was at least 7lb above that weight.

* * *

George Corfield, the Sheffield wonder who defies the world at 7st 12lb, paid a visit to The Mirror of Life office the other day, in company with his friend, Marney King, the amateur sprinter. Speaking of his future movements, Corfield says: "I shall take a much needed rest until autumn, and will then be prepared to take on any man in the world at 7st 12lb. I can fight comfortably at that weight, and don't propose to go out of my class by looking for big men. I am content to beat men of my own bigness without looking for fighters above my class. Billy Plimmer, of Birmingham, writes that he wants a fight with me for £1,000 a-side. I hope the good news will come true, and that Billy will turn up. He can be accommodated for any sum of money he chooses to name for 20 rounds, or to a finish, at even weight. The National Sporting Club will give us a liberal purse for the battle to occur in the fall, and that will suit me. I should not agree to fight at any other club in London, because I don't much care for the manner in which some of the managers conduct affairs. Billy Moore was still in Sheffield at last reports. He was 2lb above weight when we fought, but I made no objections because I didn't want to disappoint the people who came to the hall to see us perform. We had a very good house, there being £315 net, of which I received £210, and I got mine, too, because the people behind me are not of the sort to deprive me of my belongings. The boxing man is fortunate to have good people behind him nowadays, and I am free to say those who supply my backing are the proper sort. I make headquarters at Leicester, though I have by no means forsaken my old town."

* * *

Billy Moore, the clever pugilist of Kingsland, feels rather bitter against the crowd that were his supposed friends in his recent match with Corfield. He was entitled to £105 as the loser's share of the proceeds, but a bookmaker in the city, and a man who poses as a promoter of sparring, acted as guardians of what rightfully belonged to Billy. The result was that Moore only received a tenner out of the £105, and a "cold shoulder." Acting upon the advice of friends he has instituted proceedings against the city bookmaker for the recovery of £95, and the claim is in the hands of a Sheffield solicitor. The case will probably come up for trial at Leeds, unless the party who is holding out on the Kingsland lad comes forward and settles in the interim.

* * *

Fighters in this country are not over-overpaid for their labour, and it is indeed a cruel piece of business to deprive them of any of their earnings. They have much to contend with and no price offered is too large a reward for their work. When they meet with a reverse, they are frequently treated far worse than dogs of the commonest breed, whilst when fortune smiles upon them, they are bled right and left by a tribe of leeches who profess to be friends or heelers. Unless they attain the top notch of their class, their pathway is strewn pretty thickly with thorns. Such treatment only has a tendency to produce depravity in the profession, and when one goes wrong, those who have bled them the most are the first to turn, like a snake upon them, to kick the unfortunate deeper into the mire.

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Billy Plimmer, the clever Birmingham pugilist, arrived at Southampton by the steamship *New York*, June 28. He proceeded to his home in the Midlands, the following day, and was accorded a flattering reception by his Birmingham friends.

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The last decade of pugilists were handled far differently than those of the present times. The man having the biggest and toughest mob of the unwashed usually stood the best chance of securing a verdict. His training expenses were paid, and in the event of winning the stakes were given him as a reward for his labour. Losers were content with passing around the hat. The tough element came in for their share of the spoils by pillaging from the swell element. Holding out on the poor fighter was unheard of, though it frequently transpired where the loser was left in a field penniless and in a battered condition to trundle back home as best he could. We are now in an advanced stage of civilization, and pugilists are of a more intelligent order. Therefore, we hardly look for one of them to be shook down for his belongings. So long as there are glove fights, so long will the leech element exist, and though one could forgive some poor homeless wretch holding back money on a beaten pugilist, it is hardly to be expected from a man who professes to be a bookmaker, because "bookies" usually try to pose as liberal people and thorough sportsmen.

Speaking of veteran pugilists brings to mind one who was conceded to have been a thorough "bottom" man, and capable of utilising every inch of a 24ft ring. We have reference to

Harry Orme.

Orme was born in 1836, and fought at 11st 8lb. His ring career included a victory over A. Jones, for £20 a-side, in forty rounds, occupying 2hrs 45min, at Frimley, December 18, 1849; beat Nat Langham, £50 a-side, 117 rounds, 2hrs 45min, Lower Hope Point, May 6, 1851; beat Aaron Jones, £100 a-side, twenty-three rounds, 33min, part at Bourne Park and part at Newmarket; police interfered at both places, and on the referee naming a third place, Jones refused to renew the contest, May 10, 1852. Orme was beaten by Harry Broome, the champion, £250 a-side, 31 rounds, 2hrs 18min, near Brandon, April 18, 1853.

* * *

That was Orme's last "mill," and he retired from the ring. He was a veritable glutton for punishment, and barred neither size or colour when he was at his best.

* * *

People who profess to be pugilists should be willing to fight, and when it comes to a stage of the game where they decline to do battle, they soon lose all their magnetism for drawing large audiences. Had Corbett, when he came here, consented to fight in England, he would have been well received and liberally patronised; but, on the contrary, he refused to entertain any fair proposal to fight the black man in the United Kingdom; he, however, advanced ideas contrary to all sense and reason, and, as a result, the Press has left him severely alone. His business as a theatrical star has been decidedly poor, and in consequence he will return home considerably poorer than he was when he landed here.

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If current reports are to be believed, Jem Mace will visit the States in the autumn, and, what is more, he will act as a sparring partner to James J. Corbett, when the latter goes on tour with Gentleman Jack Company. Jem Mace will prove to be about as much of an attraction in America as he is here, and as the sportsmen across the water are fully alive to the fact that the veteran is now past three score, it is doubtful if many would appreciate seeing him perform with the gloves.

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Jesse Bennett, the American manufacturer of boxing-gloves, is in London on a holiday trip. He would like to combine business with pleasure, and therefore offers to match Billy Myers, the Streator Cyclone, against any man in England at 9st 10lb. He will also consent to pitting Tom Ryan, of Chicago, against Tom Williams, or any 10 stone man in Great Britain, for a suitable purse and side wager of a reasonable amount. Mr. Bennett is under the impression that several first-class men will come to this country from the States, in the autumn, to seek matches with some of our good men for purses.

* * *

Mr. D. W. Gallagher, of Kilmarnock, Scotland, writing to The Mirror of Life, says:—"It is not my desire to flatter you, but the paper is one of exceptional excellence, and the title chosen a most appropriate one. Though you are accurate in all your reports, and your sporting columns of a more outspoken and readable character than any other paper published, I desire to dispute the statement made regarding the fight between Tom King and John C. Heenan at Wardhurst, December 10, 1863. You claim they fought thirty-five minutes, but as my memory serves me it was not so long as that. If I am in error, I wish to be corrected. I am an admirer of your valuable and straightforward journal, therefore I wish it prosperity."

For the benefit of Mr. Gallagher we reproduce the report of the last round between King and Heenan taken from a reliable sporting journal of that time:—"Round 25 and last.—Sayers soused

Heenan well with cold water, and got him once more to face King, but the latter again planted on the mouth, and flung him almost senseless to the ground. This was a 'settler,' for when Heenan tried to leave his corner for another round, he was as helpless as a child, and amidst shouts of 'Shame! Shame!' to allow him to come up again, Macdonald gave in for him. The conflict lasted exactly thirty-five minutes, and was remarkable for the decided superiority of King's science over Heenan's."

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In the report it speaks of the eighteenth round as follows:—"King now led off, and visited the damaged eye, and also got on the cheek, which riled the Benicia Boy, who gave him a stinger on the head, closed, and threw him so heavily that it was thought he was out of time, and it took his seconds some while ere they could get him round again. Here the Kingites broke into the ring, and the remainder of the fight was carried on amidst much disorder. The two succeeding rounds were all in favour of Heenan. King, however, soon recovered, and immediately afterwards turned the tide of fortune in his favour, Heenan rapidly and suddenly getting weak."

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By the above we hope our friend will become convinced that The Mirror of Life was correct when it said the King-Heenan fight occupied 35 minutes' time.

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The full particulars of the eight-round contest between Bob Fitzsmmons and Joe Choynski, which occurred at the Boston Theatre, June 18, are to hand. The following is an account of the rounds fought:—

First Round: Two minutes were wasted in sparring. Fitzsimmons finally tried for the wind, and received a straight left jab in the face. He came again, and was caught over the left eye so hard that his head flew back. He kept after Choynski, who fought on the defensive, and let go his right, which was something of a round arm chopping blow. It caught Choynski on the shoulder, doing no damage.

Second Round: Fitzsimmons evidently made up his mind to finish his man as quickly as possible. He went at Joe with left leads for the wind, and that long-reaching, round-arm swing for which he is so noted. Choynski, who appeared small beside the Australian, did some very clever ducking, and every now and then sent in a left jab with telling effect. But as hard as were these jabs they had no perceptible effect in stopping Fitzsimmons. Again and again he went in to try his right, only to wind it round the Californian's neck. The exertion told on Choynski, for he weighed fully fifteen or twenty pounds less than the Australian. He tipped the beam at 161lbs before coming into the theatre. What Fitzsimmons weighed could not be learned. Before the second round was finished Fitzsimmons had missed seven right-hand swings, and was jabbed in the face as many times when he tried to lead.

Third Round: Directly after time was called Fitzsimmons went at his man. He missed a vicious right, and went up again to try with his left. The moment he let go for the wind Choynski shot his right across, catching him full on the neck. Fitzsimmons went down like a falling chimney. Such a stage fall was never before seen in the theatre. The referee began to count, but before he cried out "ten" Fitzsimmons was up, smiling like a sick man trying to make some one believe he feels better than he really does. Fitzsimmons staggered about the ring, and Choynski went after him hard and furious. He could not, however, get his right in for a knock-out. While he was trying to, Fitzsimmons pulled himself together and began to take a hand at the game. They exchanged punches until the faces of both were crimson. Fitzsimmons was every second growing stronger, while the reverse was the case with Choynski. The gong sounded while both men were at it at close range. Choynski's stock went up like toy balloons. "Parson" Davies was willing to bet 500dols. that his man would be on hand at the end of the eighth round, and for decent odds would bet that he would win. The uproar was such that it could not be quieted. The crowd was with Choynski. He was encouraged from orchestra to gallery.

Fourth Round: The round was not ten seconds old when it was easy to see that Joe was not in it. Fitzsimmons came up as strong as an ox. His eyes were fairly dancing, but he was as calm and deliberate as a surgeon about to amputate a leg. Choynski began the fighting, and was met by a perfect hailstorm of blows. Fitzsimmon's right was flying about like an unattached piston. All that Choynski could do was to fight on the defensive and heed the advice of his friends to "look out for that right." The first time Fitzsimmons really got in on him he went down in a heap. Then above the din of the howling mob could be heard the shrill voice of the referee calling off the seconds. Choynski was up at the call of "nine." He tried to fight, but was knocked down again. The same scene was repeated. He got up again before the fatal "ten," got one feeble left on Fitzsimmons's bleeding mouth, and was floored in his own corner by a blow that sounded like breaking sticks. Joe tried to get up. He was half erect, but so weak that he rolled over on the ropes and again fell to the floor. His seconds threw water on him, and as they did so Fitzsimmons eyed them viciously, but said nothing. Before the full count was finished the badly used-up Californian staggered to his feet and escaped another knockdown by clinching. He was in great physical pain and breathing heavily. The referee parted them, and just as the gong rang, that doomful right of the Australian's came around like a flash of light and landed full on the jaw. Choynski had to be lifted to his chair. He was set up erect, but his head flopped over like a person with a broken neck.

Fifth round.—Good care revived Joe just in time to stagger up to the call of time. Fitzsimmons rushed at his man and downed him, just as he did in the fourth round. Choynski, seemingly invulnerable against a knockout, got up in time, and was hammered so unmercifully that the police stepped into the ring and prevented further hostilities. The battle was declared a draw, as under the circumstances nothing else could be done. Five ounce gloves were used.

About the hotels after the contest there was more Fitzsimmons talk than has been in Boston for many a day. He had never before been seen to such good advantage, and it is no difficult thing now to find men who think that Fitzsimmons would have more than an even chance with Corbett. The match was not particularly profitable, because the net receipts only realised 2,200 dols. Choynski cheerfully admitted that he was beaten, but claims the fight would have ended in his favour in the third round but for his lack of wind. Charlie White, who proved such an admirable second for Fitz, hopes that Corbett will consent to fight the middle-weight champion.

"I don't think any man has a good thing with so remarkably clever a man as Corbett," said he, "but I do believe Fitz can give him a better argument than any man in the ring to-day, not excepting Jackson. And further than this, it would not surprise me to see Bob win in short order. He was not so badly hurt as he appeared to be, although he was a trifle dizzy for a few seconds."

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Mr. Will Hulse, of the Dog and Bear, Nottingham, is one of the few old-time sportsmen now in existence in the lace town, where he is held in high esteem by his fellow townsmen. He has a rare collection of old-time sporting books and portraits, and we are proud to say he has placed them at our disposal. The Mirror of Life is indebted to Mr. Hulse for many of the memoirs of the old-time pugilists which have appeared in these columns, and they have been read with interest by sports in all parts of the United Kingdom.

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Professor Mike Donovan, the sparring instructor of the New York Athletic Club, sails for Europe July 7. Billy Edwards is not going, as has been announced. He will put in his summer at Saratoga.

* * *

Boxing club projects are revived in San Francisco again. Joe McAuliffe has set one going at the Eight Mile House. William A. Harrison, ex-president and manager of the Pacific Athletic Club, is back again in San Francisco, with a boxing club enterprise under way.

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Arthur Callan and Goody York are to promote an athletic entertainment at the Middlesex Hall, Edmonton, July 16. The programme arranged will comprise four glove contests, club swinging and gymnastic exercises.

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Peter Jackson, the coloured champion, announces his intention of coming to this country, in hopes of forcing James J. Corbett into some definite arrangement for their proposed fight. He is alive to the fact that if he delays the matter till Corbett returns to the States, James is liable to give him a cold shoulder, and take on Fitzsimmons.

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Jack Slavin, a brother of Frank, was defeated in twenty rounds at the Twin City Athletic Club, Minneapolis, June 27, for a percentage of the receipts.

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Jake Kilrain finds business in Baltimore anything but prosperous, and wants to get the benefit of one of the big purse offers now going the rounds. He challenges F. P. Slavin to fight him to a finish for £200 a-side and an added purse, either in England or America, eight or ten weeks from signing articles.

* * *

Jack Farley, the Birmingham pugilist, promoted a 9st 4lb competition for £8 in prizes, which was brought to a decision at the Hope, in St. Luke's, June 28. There were four trial bouts in the preliminary, and in the second series Tom Ireland beat Bob Crawley, and Ted Ware disposed of Charley Capper. In the final bout Ireland showed to the best advantage, and was declared winner over Ware.

* * *

Jack Burke must have improved remarkably in his hitting powers, or else Owen Sullivan, the Australian, must possess a very sensitive jaw. They met in a glove contest at the Circus in Johannesburg, June 2, and according to details which come to hand Burke knocked Sullivan senseless with a right-hander on the jaw in the seventh round. It is not above ten years since that Burke engaged in a battle with Mitchell, and though he displayed considerable cleverness he couldn't hit as hard a ten-stone man. In the States he boxed with Kilrain, Mitchell, Greenfield, and Jack Dempsey, and any of the quartette could stand all the punching Burke could serve out with either hand for a week. He was, never better than a good exhibition boxer and though he could plant in plenty of light blows, principally with the left hand, they were decidedly ineffective.

* * *

Bill Lee conducted a sparring entertainment at Bermondsey, June 23, when Jack Goldswain bested Alf White in eight rounds, and in a six round battle Courtney Veal was forced to succumb to Jim Mack.

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Two four, one six, one eight, and a ten round contest made up the programme for a private entertainment conducted by Frank Hinde at a West-End resort June 25.

* * *

In the four-round bouts Jack Murphy defeated Tom Naylor, and Bert Bolton disposed of Jim Keating. The six rounds contest was awarded to Wally Wallis, though Jem Barry disputed every inch of the ground throughout. Spikey Kilham had a slight advantage in the first few rounds of the eight-round battle, but Sid Phillips gradually evened matters up, and by a well directed blow in the stomach in the seventh round Kilham went down, and was unable to respond within the ten seconds limit. The honours in the ten-round contest fell to the lot of Bill Bolton, though A. Buckingham kept him busy throughout.

* * *

The Army Athletic Club's boxing competitions will take place in the New Gymnasium, Cranbrook Road, Aldershot, on Monday and Tuesday, August 13 and 14, at 2 p.m. each day, and will comprise the following events:—

For officers: Heavy-weights (catch-weights); middle-weights (11st 4lb and under); light-weights (10st and under).

N.C. Officers and men: Heavy-weights (catch-weights); middle-weights (11st 4lb and under); light-weights (10st and under).

Warrant officers may enter as N.C.O.'s.

Preliminary tilt, first day; finals, second day. Entries to be sent to the hon. secretary, Army Athletic Meeting, Aldershot, not later than August 1, 1894. The competition will be under the National Sporting Club rules. Competitors will be weighed immediately before the competition.

* * *

Bill Herring was tendered a testimonial at the Goodwin Club, June 25. In a twelve-round bout Aaron Bonehill was receiver-general for a considerable amount of heavy blows from Con Barrett, and gracefully retired in the seventh round. Harry Paul proved himself too scientific for Joe Tattell in eight rounds, and received the verdict. Alf Holden and Jack Marney were to box eight rounds, but Holden got home with a right hander on the jaw in the third round, and knocked Marney out of time.

* * *

At the Lambeth School of Arms, June 25, Jack Maloney forced Jack Dackham to pull his gloves off in the beginning of the fifth round. Frank Greigg and Jack Roberts went through eight rounds, and as the first-named proved himself the better man of the two he was promptly declared a winner.

* * *

One lesson in matrimony was not sufficient for Bob Fitzsimmons, who, on June 24, was married, in New York city, to Rosalie Julian Samuell, who, it is said, was the cause of the estrangement between Bob and his first wife, who recently got divorced from him.

* * *

George Chrisp, of Newcastle, and J. Hawley, of Great Harwood, are to box the best of twelve rounds at 10st 12lb, at Ginnett's Circus, Newcastle-on-Tyne, August 6, for £50 a-side.

* * *

Alf. Mitchell, the clever retired middle-weight pugilist, has opened up a neatly-appointed gymnasium known as the Red Cross, Hare Street, Bethnal Green, where he will promote glove contests for liberal purses.

---

Merchant: "Did you deliver my message to Mr. Smith?"

Boy: "No, sir. He was out, and the office was locked up."

Merchant: "Well, why didn't you wait for him, as I told you?"

Boy: "There was a notice on the door, saying, 'Return at once,' so I came back as quick as I could."

* * *

"Was she self-possessed when you proposed to her?"

"Yes, and er—she is yet."

* * *

Rebecca: "Do you really lofe me?"

Isaac: "Vat a kvestion! Didn't I py an evening paper for you as I came in?"

## RYMER, MOSS, AND STEELE.

### A Trio to Contend for the Shaving Championship.

*(With Portraits.)*

James Rymer, of Homerton, Peter Moss, of 256, Camberwell Road, and Thomas Steele, of Bethnal Green, are three of the competitors who will dispute the ownership of The Mirror of Life Championship Shaving Trophy. The competition will occur the latter part of July, and will be productive of a considerable amount of interest amongst tonsorial artists.

Rymer, as his record, claims to have clean shaved 100 faces in 48 minutes and 40 seconds, on October 25, 1887.

Moss is twenty-three years of age, and an acknowledged artist at clean and rapid shaving, though he makes no pretensions to any public performance.

Steele is twenty-seven years of age, and amongst those in Bethnal Green he is considered the most adept shaver in that section of the town.

## PHUNNYGRAPHS.

Fenderson: "He even went so far as to call me an ass."

Bass: "The flatterer!"

* * *

Clara: "Mr. Castleton tried to put his arm around my waist last night."

Maude: "Couldn't he get it around?"

* * *

Sunday-School Teacher: "What kind of boys go to heaven?"

Small Boy: "Dead ones."

* * *

Miss Awestruck: "And are you going to play football again this year, Mr. Hafbak?"

The Football Hero (proudly): "Not on your life! They've revised the rules now so that the game's positively safe."

* * *

The man who says that "talk is cheap"
Forgets the handsome price
That he perhaps has often paid
For medical advice.

* * *

"My wife and I had a lively discussion last night," said the mild-mannered man.

"But I got the last word."

"You don't say so!"

"Yes, she acknowledged it herself this morning."

"How did you manage it?"

"Talked in my sleep."

* * *

"Oh, did you paint that?" asked Elsie of the artist, as she gazed in admiration at her own portrait.

"Yes, dear."

"Oh, what a lovely box of paint you must have!"

* * *

Mrs. Whackster: "Bessie, when Mrs. Wintersykes comes you must not say anything about her hair being false."

Mrs. Wintersykes (some minutes later): "And this is Bessie, is it? How you have grown!"

Bessie: "Yes'm. I think your hair looks just beautiful, but if I was you I'd paint up them eyebrows."

* * *

"Did you notice how long Dr. Steenthly's sermon was last Sunday?"

"Yes. I think I know why he made it so."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, the offerings in the contribution box were very small, and he may have taken that method of reminding them that they were getting a good deal more than they paid for."

* * *

"You don't know how much your book has helped me, Mr. Scribbs."

Mr. Scribbs: "You flatter me."

"I mean every word of it. Whenever I am restless I go get your book, and inside of fifteen minutes I'll be asleep."

* * *

"I'm glad," said Chawles, "that stwaw hats have come into season."

"Ya-as," replied Harwy, "I should think you would be."

"Why?"

"Because they have so many holes in them and are easier to talk through, don't you know, ha, ha!"

* * *

"Are you sure your sister don't like Mr. Finney?"

Little Tom: "Yes; why, when he comes she won't let him have a whole chair to himself; she just makes him take half of hers."

* * *

He kissed her cheek and stroked her hair,
This young man bad and bold;
And she didn't object in the least, because
He was only six months old.

* * *

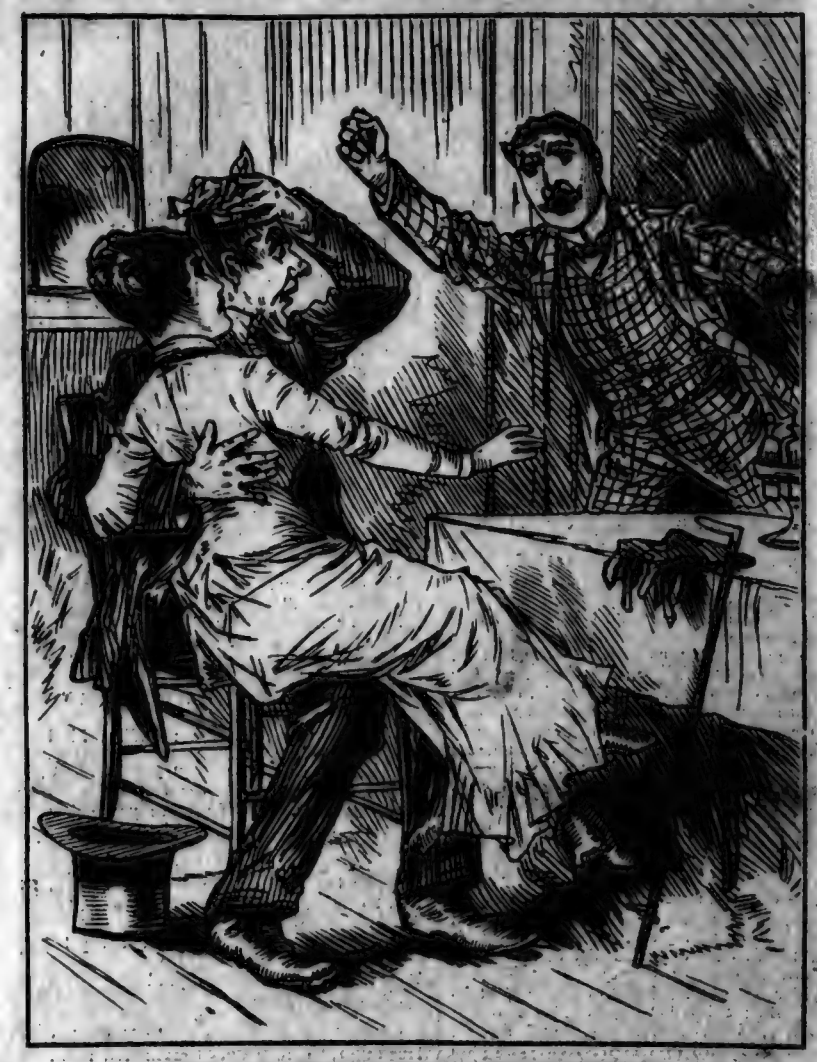
Ada: "I've been wondering all day why you weren't invited to the Bigelows."

Kitty (sweetly): "And I've been wondering why you were."

* * *

Tommy: "Paw, is the devil awearing?"

Mr. Figg: "I see no reason why he h ould be; things seem to be coming r etty much his way."



SHE MADE HER SELECTION.

Preferred to be an Old Man's Darling to a Young Man's Slave.

POLLY'S TALE OF WOE.

He Knew How to Use Strong Language when he was Neglected.

A TYPICAL NEW YORK DESPERADO.

Fought Friend or Foe Without the Slightest Provocation.

## SAVED HER LIFE.

**A Young Man Submits to His Blood Being Transfused into His Sweetheart.**

## THEY HAD TO SETTLE.

**How a Pair of Bilks were Caught at Their Own Game.**

## TURF NOTES.

### NEWMARKET, WORCESTER, NEWTON, AND KEMPTON PARK. FINALS.

The racing at headquarters this week promises to be not only a heavy one, but more interesting than usual. The Princess of Wales' Stakes, with its item of 10,000 sovs, will, if as expected, bring together the cracks of this and last year, and Ladas will be challenged by a former Derby winner; the test will prove which is the better of the pair. Ladas will have the majority of admirers, though Ravensbury will not be without a few since his recent victory, and between him and Raeburn interest will attach itself irrespective of the cracks being present; for the second in the Derby and Leger of '93 has been a consistent performer, and accounted unlucky in reaching that undesirable position of second, which he also held in the Grand Prix de Paris, where Ragotzky beat him a short head, to the surprise of many who were present, who thought he had won. That he has in no way deteriorated was seen by his defeating La Flèche, and so stout a performer may be the stumbling block to the two top-sawyers. As a three-year-old Isinglass finished up by being second to Raeburn last September in the Lancashire Plate, at a difference of 10lb, and as he meets his then conqueror at 3lb now it may enable him to again turn the tables, where the length's beating may be the other way about; and this race, if Ladas, Isinglass, Ravensbury, and Raeburn only compete, will be a grand struggle to witness. Isinglass is no commoner, and Ladas, good as he is, has yet to win the St. Leger to take rank with the four-year-old son of Isonomy and Deadlock, for I think between them the honour will rest, and the four may finish in the order written above.

In the Soham Plate, to-day, of the twenty-nine entries, Conacher at the head of the list is certainly to be preferred to those at the other end of the handicap; last year, in this event, he carried 9st 5lb, so that it does not appear an impossible task now. Be Cannie is better class than most of those entered, and between this one and Moonflower, Conachar has most to fear. Pet of the Fancy and Break of Day are doubtful starters, because of their penalty. Minting Queen has none the worst of it, and at her best this speedy mare may, if it be the journey, succeed in catching the judge's eye first, and in select ing three to beat the field, Conachar, Minting Queen and Moonflower appear best.

The two-year-olds who will be called upon to contest the Plantation Stakes can scarcely be looked upon as first class, and Chat Moss will have Laurinda on the premises, when the 12lb between them should be in the favour of Mr. Hammond's youngster; the company being moderate, Utica, on recent running, also holds a chance, and La Dauphin, with Unorna, may go to make up a half-dozen for the event. A Plate of 150 sovs is at the mercy of Buckingham, and with Verdant Green likely to be seen in the Soham Plate, a good field cannot be expected. Tinder can have but little chance, and Lady Minting's victory on Friday at Sandown Park will entail a penalty; under the circumstances, she may remain at home. The Stud Produce Stakes looks like bringing together a representative lot, and Mogul, I think, will place the 100 sovs to his sire's name, with Jack Snipe, Balisarda, Fireworks, who, since his Epsom display, has been on the quiet list, and Spur Royal, so that the race will be a worthy one for the winner, and place credit to the paternity of his line.

The Exeter Stakes, Dress for choice. Probably Dubia will be there: but the reputation of the first-named will cause but little opposition, and one need hardly go further to find the winner.

On Thursday, in the July Cup, nothing looks like lowering the colours of Best Man. He has shown himself this year to be a champion weight carrier in the handicap class, and I doubt very much if anything can get in front of him on this occasion.

La Flèche will account for the Ellesmere Stakes, and should be opposed by Clwyd and Lady Normanton. The latter was very unlucky to lose the Dee Stakes at Chester on the concluding day, and might make amends here. Pet of the Chase, Golden Blaze and Butterfly may oppose Gas in the Fulborne Stakes, but the last-named has a most attractive appearance, and should credit Lord Rosebery with the stake.

At Worcester, in the City Welter, Favoro, who knows his way home over that course, will have to be at his best to beat the lightly-weighted Toy, who ran second in this event last season to Pot Luck, and is uncommonly well in. If Mountcagle, who is nearly always winning, is sent, the finish should be a close one; but Toy must not be allowed to run loose here. In the Coventry Maiden Plate the two-year-olds will not be troubled with the others; Seaside and Hunthill may be the best to select from; Snip, Happy-go-Lucky and Cyril II., in the Hindlip Selling Hunt Flat Race, are a good trio, and of the three mentioned preference being given to Snip. In the Stanton Plate, Invergowrie and Prognostic, who has recently done so well, are good too.

At Newton, on Friday and Saturday, the northern contingent will have things to themselves, and Dendoscope, who is treated lightly in the Manor Cup, may be returned the winner. Llanthony, coupled with Spindle Leg, reads best for the Newton Cup. Whiston, who is set down for duty in the Golborne Park Stakes on Friday, where, if he meets Samola or another selected by I'Anson, if not successful, will pick upon Saturday the Lyme Park Stakes. That he should secure one race here seems most probable.

The Kempton Park Meeting on Saturday will be well patronised by the home division. For in the Victoria Stakes St. David will have better class to beat this time in Watch Tower and Liebershede, who are his most dangerous opponents, and the weight he is called upon to carry may interfere with his chance. Tudor is not out of it, but Watch Tower, of the middle division, should be the best to follow. Dancing Dervish may pick up the Walton Selling Welter, and in anticipating the winners for the week they should be found from the following selections:—

NEWMARKET.

The Plantation Stakes,
**Laurinda or Chat Moss.**
A Plate of 154 sovs,
**Buckingham.**
The Stud Produce Stakes,
**Mogul.**
The Soham Plate,
**Minting Queen or Pet of the Fancy.**
The Exeter Stakes,
**Dress.**

WORCESTER.

The City Welter Handicap,
**Toy or Favoro.**
The Coventry Maiden Plate,
**Seaside or Hunthill.**
The Hindlip National Hunt,
**Snip.**
The Pitchcroft Hunt,
**Ben Wyvis.**
The Stanton Plate,
**Mountcagle.**

NEWMARKET.—THURSDAY.

**Red Light or Telescope.**
The July Cup,
**Best Man.**
The Princess of Wales' Stakes,
**Ladas.**

FRIDAY.

The Princess' Cup,
**Chasseur.**
The Ellesmere Stakes,
**La Flèche.**
The Fulbourne Stakes,
**Gas.**
The Welter Handicap Plate,
**Kilmallaghan.**

NEWTON.

The Golborne Park Stakes,
**Whiston or Samola.**
The Manor Cup,
**Dendoscope.**
The Makerfield Handicap,
**Armand.**

SATURDAY.

The Newton Cup,
**Llanthony or Spindle Leg.**
The Lyme Park Stakes,
**Whiston or Kilbride.**
The St. Helen Plate,
**Queen of the Mint.**
The Grand Welter Handicap,
**The Tinman.**

KEMPTON.

The Welter Handicap,
**Dancing Dervish.**
The Victoria Stakes,
**Liebershede or Watch Tower.**
The Sunbury Welter Handicap,
**Dpopesnx.**
The Kempton Two-Year-Old Plate,
**Levybub or Galeottia.**
The St. Margaret's Plate,
**Dalhousie.**

CHALK.

## ON LAND AND WATER.

Over 5,000 spectators assembled at the Casino, in Boston, June 29, to witness the fight between Dixon and Griffo, the Australian. Dixon's seconds were "Tom" O'Rourke, Maurice Kelly, and "Jack" Havlin; and Griffo was seconded by John and "Mick" Dunn and Howie Hodgens. Mr. John P. Eckhard, of New York, acted as referee. Dickson weighed 8st 13lb, and Griffo 9st 13lb.

The first round consisted of scientific sparring, in which Griffo showed the better form. He assumed the aggressive at the beginning of the second round, and landed his left on Dixon's wind, for which Dixon twice retaliated. The men clinched, and Griffo landed a stiff right-hander on the other man's ribs, and then struck him on the face. Dixon brought his right home on Griffo's ear, and followed it with a hard left and right on the face and ear. Griffo led, but could not stop Dixon, who sent in two more hard lefts on his opponent's wind, and finished up the attack by sending his right at the ear. The round finished with honours easy.

The third round was exciting. It began with a clinch, and then Dixon let fly his right on Griffo's ribs. Griffo landed with terrific force on Dixon's face, fairly staggering him, but the champion recovered quickly, and gave Griffo one on the ribs with his right. Another clinch, and Dixon's left caught the Australian's face. Having clinched again, he landed his left and right on his opponent's wind and face. Dixon then got his right home twice on the ribs and face, and his left on the wind. After this punishment Griffo woke up, and hit his left on the wind and his right on Dixon's jaw. The Bostonian clinched, but Griffo drove him to the ropes. This ended the round, which was in the main a sample of those that followed.

After twenty rounds had been fought the bout was decided as a draw. Griffo was the fresher of the two, and was still showing strong and full of fight.

Griffo, since his arrival in the eastern part of the United States, has managed to keep his skin full of "booze," and it is now telling against his boxing form. When he left the Colonies he could do as low as 8st 8lb, but now he would find it extremely difficult task to come down to 9st. He has for a Boston companion John L. Sullivan, and from all accounts the pair are extremely well mated.

* * *

Teddy Mills, who many years ago was champion six-mile runner, and best known as Young England, is seriously ill. Of late years Mr. Mills has been a patron to boxing sport, and we therefore hope for his speedy recovery, because good sportsmen like him are few and far between.

* * *

The semi-final tie of the National Cup between Thespians and Electrics was played at Hyde, Balham, before a large number of spectators. The Thespians won by 51 runs. Scores: Thespians, 59 runs; Electrics, 8 runs.

* * *

At the Lambeth School-of-Arms, June 30, Jack Heasman, of Lambeth, gained a victory over W. Yates, of Battersea, in three rounds; and in a second contest Nobby Proctor, of Southwark, with a good left, proved too clever for Bill Langsford, of St. Luke's, in four rounds.

* * *

The eighteenth annual contest for the one mile amateur championship was the feature of the swimming gala of the Life Saving Society, held in the West India Docks, June 30. Though there were fourteen starters there was but one man in it from start to finish that had any chance for premier honours. J. H. Tyers, of the Swan S.C., Manchester, the holder of the title, who, swimming grandly, won easily in 27min 51 1-5sec. A. A. Green, Otter S.C., was second, and J. A. Jarvis, Leicester, third. The others who finished were Fritz Koniese, Berlin, champion of Europe, fourth; H. T. Bosanquet, People's Palace S.C., fifth; Oscar M. Pollock, Hamburg, sixth; W. Green, Liverpool, seventh; and W. J. Hawes, City of Westminster, eighth.

* * *

For the Diamond Sculls at Henley John J. Ryan and Guy Nickalls have been drawn to contest Heat C. It is unfortunate that the two best men in the big event should fall in as contestants for the trial, and the winner will certainly be safe in claiming the final heat. Joe Wright may possibly make it interesting if he rows into the final, but he has never shown himself such a high class man as Ryan, who, by the way, is the best amateur sculler ever produced in America.

* * *

At the Summer Meeting of the London Athletic Club, held at Stamford Bridge, June 30, there was some exceptionally good running done by Godfrey Shaw, E. C. Bredin, and W. E. Lutyens and Dr. Barry, of Southport, scored popular wins in the hammer and weight competitions. A summary of the events follow:—

100 Yards Challenge Cup.—A. Ovenden, walked over.

Half-Mile Challenge Cup.—E. C. Bredin (holder), 1; F. S. Horan, 2; W. A. de C. King, 3. Horan went off with the lead, and at the half distance led by ten yards. Bredin then commenced to draw up, but only caught his man fifty yards from the tape, winning a splendid race by three yards. Time, 1min 56sec.

120 Yards Hurdle Challenge Cup.—Godfrey Shaw (holder), 1; J. Johnson, 2. Won by two yards. Time, 16 2-5sec.

100 Yards Handicap (Open).—Final heat: Godfrey Shaw, L.A.C., 4½ yards start, 1; A. J. Larkman, L.A.C., 5, 2; C. F. Abbott, L.A.C., 5, 3; L. Q. Bulger, Dublin Union, 2½, 4. A splendid race, won by a foot, same separating second and third. Time, 10 2-5sec.

High Jump.—Reg. Williams, L.A.C., 5ft 7in, 1; B. B. Hunt, Walthamstow H., 5ft 6½in, 2.

Putting the Weight.—W. J. M. Barry, L.A.C., scratch, 41ft 6in, 1; L. Q. Bulger, Dublin University, allowed 6ft, 41ft, 2; C. W. Young, late Berkhampsted School, 40ft 6in, 3.

150 Yards Veterans' Handicap.—M. E. Jobling, 10 yards start, 1; S. W. Langworth, 9, 2; C. E. Sharman, 20, 3. Won by three yards. Time, 16 4-5sec.

Quarter-mile Handicap.—Final heat: W. C. Kirby, L.A.C., 31 yards start, 1; P. G. Mould, L.A.C., 28, 2; A. J. Larkman, L.A.C., 12, 3; E. C. Bredin, L.A.C., scratch, 4. Won after a good finish by a yard; four yards between second and third. Bredin was beaten by a foot for a place. Time, 49 1-5sec.

Throwing the Hammer.—W. J. M. Barry, scratch, 129ft 9½in, 1; W. Lawrence, allowed 20ft, 2.

One Mile Handicap.—S. E. Sarel, 130 yards start, 1; W. E. Lutyens, L.A.C. and C.U.A.C., scratch, 2; E. G. Gibbs, Ranelagh H., 105, 3. Lutyens ran splendidly, and got in front 50 yards from home. Sarel, however, came again, and won by three yards; five between second and third. Time, 4min 22 3-5sec.

120 Yards Hurdle Handicap.—Godfrey Shaw, L.A.C., owes 19yds, 1; J. Johnston, L.A.C., owes 15, 2; F. R. Lowes, Guy's Hospital A.C., owes 15, 3. Won by five yards. Time, 18 2-5sec.

* * *

Arthur Callan and Jack Farley will be matched for a purse of £60, to be decided shortly. The place of battle has not yet been agreed upon, but wherever it may be, the invited will witness a rare battle.

* * *

The Rowing Carnival at Henley commences on Wednesday, and will be finished without trouble on Friday. Last year the entries were so many that it was with difficulty the work was compressed into the three days. A fortunate falling-off in the number, which still includes the pick of English scullers and some notable foreignere, obviates the necessity of the preliminary heats being rowed on Tuesday evening, as was intended, if the 1893 strength had been repeated. The draw has come out, on the whole, well, none of the strangers coming together in the first round. No more delightful combination of business and pleasure can be imagined than that which the Henley Regatta annually provides, and, if appearances can be relied on, the festival of 1894 will fall nothing below any of its predecessors in either respect.

## A DUCKING FOR A KODAK FIEND.

**Young Ladies who Objected to be Portrayed in Bathing Attire.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

Now that the warm weather has become seasonable, crowds drift to the seashore daily to participate in surf bathing. It was at Herne Bay the other day that three young ladies in bathing costume espied an audacious Kodak fiend about to take a snap shot of them. Without a word of warning two grabbed the amateur photographer, whilst the other siren of the waves laid hold of the camera, which was hurled some distance off. She joined her comrades, and the trio treated the youth to a ducking in the waves. He struggled hard to free himself, but to no avail. He was in for a bath and a thorough soaking, and he had to bow to the inevitable. When once freed, the young man beat a hasty retreat, gathering in the ruined camera. Those who saw the performance enjoyed it

## POLLY'S TALE OF WOE.

**He knew how to Use Strong Language when he was Neglected.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

Parrots are by no means desirable pets about a house where there are young children, and one in Bristol is no exception to the rule. It appears the male member of the household, not being any too choice in his language, made use of several vulgar expressions in the hearing of Poll, and when friends were visiting the family the other day the daughter of the guest liberated the bird from the cage and requested him to speak for what he wished. The language he made use of shocked not only the girl but the lady of the house as well, because Polly in a manner more forcible than elegant expressed the sentiment of the household as regards the visitors, and now the friendship is decidedly strained.

## A TYPICAL NEW YORK DESPERADO.

**Fought Friend or Foe Without the Slightest Provocation.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

"TEN or fifteen years ago, when bad men were as common in New York as they are now in the wild West," says a New York correspondent, "there was no man more feared by both his enemies and his friends than Larry O'Brien, brother of ex-Sheriff O'Brien, and himself once an alderman and an Assemblyman. O'Brien was a peculiar type of bad man. There was no bluster or blow about him; whatever he had to do he did quietly and without words, and being a man to whom the word fear conveyed no meaning, he was a dangerous person when his anger was aroused. The highwaymen who would stab, sandclub, or shoot a man in a second if there was any chance of doing it unobserved by the victim, were mild beside O'Brien, whose deeds were always done in crowded places and under circumstances which exposed him to as fierce an attack from his victim's friends as he himself had made. Than O'Brien there were fewer better or cooler gamblers in New York city. He would sit for forty-eight hours in front of a faro table trying to break the bank, and at other games of chance he was just as persistent. His friends were amost all what are called gentlemen gamblers, men pretty well up in the political and sporting world, and while they all understood thoroughly that the man was apt to attack them at any moment if he imagined they had done him any any wrong, still they all looked up to him with a sort of reverence, and would court his society at all times.

"O'Brien was a man of medium height, with a strongly knit figure and a pair of shoulders that were Herculean in their proportions. He had been fairly well educated, and had a sort of polish which will fitted a man of his fine personal appearance. Few men ever met Larry O'Brien who did not pronounce him a gentleman until they came to know his peculiarities, and then they pronounced him a desperado. Away from the gaming table O'Brien's face always wore a smile; before it it always wore a scowl, whether the luck was bad or good, and students of human nature—and there are as many of them to be found in the gambling world as anywhere else—always took good care to keep away from him.

"O'Brien's pet gambling house was the establishment of Evans and Emory, on Thirtieth Street, half-way between Broadway and Sixth Avenue, and adjoining the old Haymarket Dance Hall. It was known to gamblers as the 'fish game,' although why is not known, as it was as fair a game as was run in New York at the time. O'Brien would sit in this place and scowl in a threatening way at every one that came in. It seemed as though he was waiting for an excuse to hit somebody, and naturally he found plenty of opportunities. If a young man wandered in and sat anywhere near O'Brien and lighted a cigarette, the latter would apply some vile epithet to him and order him to throw the cigarette away. Of course the newcomer would decline to take any orders from O'Brien, and the latter, without another word, would knock the cigarette from his mouth and then kick him all around the room. No one ever interfered with O'Brien when he broke out in this fashion, as he always carried a revolver, which he would use on the slightest provocation. Night after night he would insult people without reason, and when they resented it, would beat them into insensibility.

"O'Brien had one great hobby. It was prize fighters, and he always said that he would sooner lick one prize fighter than a hundred and fifty ordinary citizens. It was a common thing in those days for some half drunken pugilist to wander into some house where O'Brien happened to be and make bragging remarks about his prowess. O'Brien would let him talk for a time, and finally, when it would get too much for him, he would leap from his seat with a yell and would proceed to wipe up the place with the body of the prize fighter. This was a pet amusement of his, and he indulged it at every opportunity; but despite this he was never known to be licked in a fist fight, although he has had as many as five men at him at once.

"When he wasn't gambling O'Brien used to hang around Cahill Mitchell's saloon, the Florence, at Broadway and Houston Street. This was a great resort for sporting men, and dozens of them would drop in there during the evening. It was in that place that O'Brien had one of his toughest battles. He was standing at the bar talking one evening, when Ned O'Baldwin, the prize-fighter, better known as the Irish Giant, strolled in. O'Baldwin had been drinking and was in any ugly mood. He nodded to O'Brien, who simply stared at him in return. After a couple of drinks the prize-fighter began to brag in loud tones of his victories in the prize ring. O'Brien stood it as long as he could, and then striding up to O'Baldwin he slapped him in the face, remarking at the same time: 'You're a liar. You never licked anyone.'

"O'Baldwin looked at the man in amazement. It was a new experience for him, a heavy-weight with a reputation, to be defied by a man half his size. For a moment he couldn't understand it. Then with a howl of rage he let out his tremendous right. O'Brien dodged, upper cut the giant, then tripped him up, and, as the man fell, jumped upon him and beat him until his face was like a jelly. He would certainly have killed the man if he had not been pulled off and hustled away by his friends. O'Baldwin used to tell his friends afterwards how he was going to 'do' O'Brien the first time he met him. It was a noticeable fact, however, that he always sneaked quietly away whenever O'Brien hove in sight. Cahill Mitchell, who was one of the best known saloon keepers in New York, also aroused O'Brien's ire once, and was knocked out in just about five minutes, although he was a man much larger than O'Brien and had a repution as a fighter.

"Most of O'Brien's big fights, however, occurred in Evans and Emory's gambling house. Here he had a fight on his hands almost every night. He came in contact with two prize fighters in a saloon one night, and one happened to accidentally brush against him. Evidently this was the excuse O'Brien had been looking for, for like a flash he had the man by the throat. 'You —— —— ——!' he exclaimed, 'I'll kill you,' and he threw the fellow down and began to indulge in his favourite amusement of stamping on his face. The other pugilist jumped in at this juncture, and by a well-directed blow on the chin sent O'Brien flying across the room. Then the two started to do O'Brien. The others present know that there was apt to be some shooting, and most of them went rushing out post-haste. The proprietor stayed, however, and the description of the fight which followed, given by him to a reporter, shows just how bad a man O'Brien was when roused. 'When O'Brien got to his feet again,' said this witness, 'and saw the other two coming for him, he gave a snort of rage and started at them. And such a fight as followed you never saw in your life. O'Brien uppercut one of the men, a favourite trick of his, and then when the other came for him he suddenly up with his knee and caught the fellow in the pit of the stomach. The blow knocked the wind entirely out of the man, and he fell right across his comrade, who was struggling to his feet. Then as the two men lay there O'Brien jumped on them. He knocked their heads together, punched their faces black and blue, and tiring of this began kicking them around the room. The proprietor protested against such brutality, and, without a word of warning, O'Brien caught him about the neck with the left arm, whilst he pummelled him with the right hand. When O'Brien had tired of pounding his two victims, O'Brien picked one of them up and tossed him out of a back window. The last seen of him he was escaping out of the yard in the rear. O'Brien carried the second pugilist to the door and kicked him out. He then coolly walked up and ordered a drink as though nothing had happened.

"O'Brien once had a friend named Johnson, a well-known sporting man of the time, and he was probably more intimate with this man than with any other human being. Yet one night he almost killed this man because he made a remark which he didn't like. Being a hater of prize-fighters, O'Brien naturally had a particular antipathy to John L. Sullivan, who was the champion of the ring. He would 'roast' Sullivan night and day, and used to say that he would kill him if he ever tried to bluff him. Every time Sullivan won a battle O'Brien would start out and tell his friends and anyone else that happened to be around that Sullivan was no good, and that any half-way decent man could whip him out of his boots. He was going on this way in Evans and Emory's place the night after the Sullivan-Greenfield fight, when Johnson, who had been losing heavily, remarked: 'For God's sake, Larry, shut up. You've been looking for a man to whip Sullivan for years, and no one has done it yet. Don't you think it's about time you let up.'?

"O'Brien laughed, but it was a cold sort of laugh, and although Johnson did not notice it others did and scented danger. They were right. A moment later, with another laugh, O'Brien leaned over the table, apparently to place a bet on the ace. Instead, however, he hit Johnson a frightful blow in the face, and then made a leap clean across the table for him. Johnson reached for a revolver, but before he could get it O'Brien had him down. Then he pulled out his own pistol, and grabbing the barrel began pounding his friend in the face with the butt end of it. He broke the man's nose and jaw, and cut his face in a dozen different places. Then, as the man lay unconscious on the floor he put his foot in his face and began grinding the heel of his boot in his eye. Outsiders at this juncture succeeded in inducing O'Brien to come away and leave the man alone. Johnson was taken to a hospital, and for two months hovered between life and death. He finally recovered and went West.

"It was in a fight with another friend that O'Brien received the wound which caused his death. He and a sporting man known as Doc Truman were very intimate. They went around together a great deal, and O'Brien seemed to think more of the man than of any of his other acquaintances. Truman had a very beautiful wife, whom he supported in regal style until he found that she had been faithless to him. Then he instituted proceedings for divorce, and named a well-known society man as co-respondent. It so happened that the man who had been intimate with Mrs. Truman was a friend of O'Brien, and when the latter heard that he had been dragged into the case as co-respondent he went to Truman and said: 'Here, Doc, this man is a friend of mine. He must not be disgraced like this. You must drop this matter.' This was in the café of the St. James' Hotel, and there were a number of people around.

"'I didn't know he was your friend, Larry,' replied Truman; 'but even so, old man, he has taken my wife away from me. She has been untrue to me, and I must get rid of her somehow. I know of no one but this man to name as co-respondent.'

"'Then you refuse?' asked O'Brien.

"'I certainly shall press this suit without changing the name of the co-respondent,' replied Truman.

"The latter walked out of the hotel a few minutes later, and stood on the corner of Twenty-seventh Street and Broadway talking with some friends. He had been there for about five minutes when O'Brien strode up and, without a word, brought his cane down on Truman's head. Truman hit O'Brien with his fist in the jaw. O'Brien reached for his pistol, and had his hand on it when Truman whipped out a big knife and plunged it up to the hilt in O'Brien's abdomen. O'Brien grabbed the handle and said: 'You'd like to cut my stomach out, wouldn't you, you —— ——. But you can't do it.'

"Truman gave a yank at the knife and pulled it out. As it slid out it cut all of O'Brien's fingers to the bone. O'Brien was hustled into a cab by his friends and taken to his home, where he lay for over a month. When he recovered he was a wreck. He looked like a victim of hasty consumption, with his hollow cheeks, glassy eyes, and incessant cough, and it was difficulty that he could wabble along. Day after day and night after night he would sit in Evans and Emory's and buck against the faro table. He was as fierce as ever, but his remarks and threats called forth nothing but looks of pity from those who knew him and glances of wonder from strangers. He got weaker and weaker and could scarcely toddle along, yet day after day he would be carried up the stairs of Evans and Emory's place and would sit until late at night gambling. Finally one day he didn't show up. The regulars remarked to each other that they guessed the game was up with Larry, and inquiry showed that he had been obliged to take to his bed. In a few days he died, and with him passed away a character the like of which has not come to the front in this city since."

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